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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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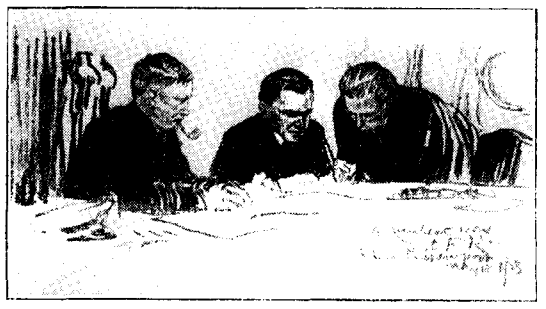

THE NAVIGATING COMMITTEE OF THE THREE HOURS FOR LUNCH CLUB, FELIX RIESENBERG, FRANKLIN ABBOTT, AND CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
From a drawing by Muirhead Bone

"Dizzy"

DISRAELI: A PICTURE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Cornell University

MAUROIS has written of Disraeli as Trollope wrote of that rising young politician, Dizzy's letters to his sister. Dizzy was not unmindful of their charms, but more aware of what they could do to push a young man forward in the world. It is this world that catches the attention of the French student of Disraeli, the England of great country-places set in shrubbery, surrounded by gardens, and sloped off in terraces, the England of duchesses indoors and peacocks on the lawn.

Maurois belongs to the new school of biography, and yet he is carrying out carefully evolved notions of biography which, seemingly a kind of cross between those of Lytton Strachey, Samuel Smiles, and E. T. Raymond, are entirely his own. From beginning to end he is following chronology only to study character. Events there are in plenty, but they are wholly by way of setting forth and interpreting the mystery of Disraeli, and of explaining his rise in the world. One can read through the book and enjoy it and know little about the issues and politics with which Disraeli was concerned.

He tells us in the *Yale Review* for January that he took up the subject because Disraeli is "the romantic who attempts to transform ideals into reality." Shelley had attracted him for the same reason. This note runs through his narrative. The young Disraeli tells the three Sheridan beauties that the most desirable life is a "grand procession from manhood to the tomb." Life "was not to be a religion but an art"; he "liked to fashion himself with his own hands like a work of art" and "was always ready to touch up the picture." When the power of which he had dreamed came to him, it was twenty years late, he was old and tired; "an old romantic no longer duped by fanciful illusion . . . a cynic but ardent." At seventy-seven he "had not ceased to believe in the efficaciousness of action, but he wanted that to be mapped out and limited. It was only in designs on the grand scale that he had lost confidence."

It is hard for one of Liberal prejudices to resist saying that Disraeli cared for nothing but power and the favors that went with it, beauty, splendor, and wealth. The heroes of his youthful novels become Prime Ministers and take duchesses out to dinner, and he himself lived to bask in the friendship of one greater than a duchess. It would be

(Continued on page 629)

Christopher Morley

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A COLLECTED edition is no longer a guarantee of immortality, but if it is issued while the man is still heartily alive, at home perhaps at work on an additional volume at the moment when you are turning the pages, it is a challenge to criticism. This is no monument to a sealed fame, nor a testament of completed virtues, but a trial balance of reputation. Here, and so far only, are the books of Christopher Morley.*

Some day, far off I trust, a younger critic will have to tighten his belt to that mood of impartial constriction in which unbiased criticism is made. I hope that he succeeds, as I hope always that the truly scientific critic will attain that nirvana of abstraction in which literature is assessed without prejudice and without loss of the highly personal impressions which alone seem to make criticism alive and enduringly useful beyond its facts. This is the critic's dilemma—either he knows too much or feels too little of his subject—and until a greater than Aristotle tells us how to avoid it, books on esthetics will too often be more interesting in the [illegible] with admitted bias, with that dangerous sympathy that comes from hearing a man's voice in his works. And I choose to do so, in part, because the detestable practice of professional "blurbing" has put a shame upon friendly appreciation which Charles Lamb never knew. When many are paid to praise, the friend stands aloof. And this is unfortunate, since in the sum total of criticism there are insights which may come only to one not over critical, who can say:

> Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
> And could of men distinguish, her election
> Hath seal'd thee for herself—

It is not the whole of criticism, yet it is an essential part.

* * *

There has been abundant comment, friendly and unfriendly, favorable and unfavorable, critical and blatant, upon the writings of Christopher Morley, but little which seems to me to approach his green escape by its open door. He has been dismissed with the easy name of humorist, whereas his humor is only the bubbling over of a rich nature which, without his joy in living, might have taken tragedy for its issue. He has been labelled Stylist, and set on a shelf by those who adore literary language without due discrimination between that passionate love of English which has given him power when, like George in "Thunder on the Left," he has his Great Moments, and those junketings with fine words which this drunkard in vocabularies will sometimes indulge in. For Christopher Morley is not one stylist, he is three. A master of lovely, supple English, lifting in the presence of beautiful emotion to a superb prose—that is Morley the First and Best. Then there is Morley II, a bad boy of letters, a punster without restraint, whimsical, witty, using the oldest tricks as well as the newest inventions. This is the journalist Morley, good, but too puckish to last. And finally, Morley III, Morley writing style, Jacobean, Johnsonian, Lambish, Stevensonian, exerting his great talent for rhythm and word as a euphuist or antiquary, writing brave language a little too fine—there I like him least. It is the best genius that controls in "Thunder on the Left," in "Where the Blue Begins," in "Inward Ho!" in the best of his "Translations from the Chinese," and some of his other poetry. Puck Morley I would not forego, though I cannot always praise him; as for the Stylist, it is a law of the world that the feathered cock should strut now and then, and what cock of letters has not, Shakespeare with Ophelia, Ruskin over his Venetians, Emerson when he remembered the pulpit from which he was hatched.

To discuss any writer as a stylist, outside of a rhetoric, is a ticklish business; it is too much like describing an egg by its shell. Nor is there much illuminating criticism of humor or humorists as such. A man is not humorous—really humorous—because he wants to be; he may fabricate his wit, but his humor, as the medieval psychologists knew, comes from an excess of some quality seeking relief. [illegible] for while love of living can make a man fervid, tolerant, expansive in his observation, it cannot make him an artist, and may (and sometimes does in Morley's case) result in boisterousness, diffusion, over-ripeness of imagery, ornateness of style. And yet his virtues are all magnified, and, in a sense, defined, by this passionate gusto for experience.

And love of living as a passion is precisely the quality which this mechanical world of the twentieth century most often and emphatically lacks. I do not refer to the outcries of the "life is hell" school of literary expressionists, who complain that

* The Haverford Edition of the Books of Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. 12 volumes. $60.

This Week

Some Recent Poetry.
Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"Christianity Past and Present."
Reviewed by *David S. Muzzey.*

"A New Englander in Japan."
Reviewed by *E. H. Vickers*

Mr. Moon's Notebook.
By *William Rose Benét.*

"Cities of the Plain."
Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*

"Red Rust."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins*

Translations from the Chinese.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Tabloids and Truthful Tales.
By *Struthers Burt.*

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science and prosperity have not done away with pain and despair. Yet surely not the most confirmed praiser of the present would maintain that we taste, bite, chew, and swallow life with the eagerness of the Elizabethans, the heartiness of Dr. Johnson, even with the delight of Charles Lamb. It is significant that men no longer weep when they rejoice, nor find in their poetry the eloquence of a Wordsworth to express the intensity of their sensations:

> I cannot paint—
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion.—

I do not mean to describe Christopher Morley as a man born out of his time. He can be as modern as Joyce when his perceptions are on the alert, although his pose of an ancient hearty (of which the heartiness is no pose) may deceive the uninitiate. Yet in this respect of vital enthusiasm he inherits a faculty biologically conditioned out of most of our writing race.

* * *

I write in memory of personal contacts—the mirth of the man, his capacity for mighty friendships, his wide-ranging curiosity, his red-faced indignations, his tireless enthusiasms—never measured nor repressed—for beauty of action, or word, or tower rising in the sunset sky of New York. But the tide of his abundant life flows through his work where all may feel it. Sometimes it is like the tide of his own beloved harbor of New York, encumbered with flotsam and jetsam, the scums and the derelicts of emotion, where he sees more beauty or humor than the most charitable can allow, yet the insweep from the greater ocean is always pulsing beneath. Even in his lesser, though much-loved volumes, like "The Haunted Book Shop," the love of books gets such a transmutation into words as it would be hard to find elsewhere; and in his trivialities—for like all literary journalists, Morley will be trivial rather than not write at all—there is a sparkle of electric current along the wires of conventional plots which half redeems the artifice. But in the work that is really his own, in which meditation has ripened the fruits of living—in some of ... poetry, but most of all in the prose of his "Inward Ho!" and in the narrative of "Thunder on the Left," there is a beauty, grave yet vibrant, when his excess pours into the sufficient tranquillity of art. I think of that exquisite passage of Phyllis bathing, or of the dusk when "like fluid privacy the shadow rose and flowed restfully about them; faces were exempt from scrutiny; eyes, those timid escapers from question, could look abroad at ease. Reprieved from angers and anxieties, the mind yearned to come home under the roof of its little safe identity. . . . Come home, come home to yourself, cried the incessant voice of darkness." I remember the humane and humorous narrative of Mr. Gissing in his department store; Conrad and the Reporters; the wise pungency of "Inward Ho!"

For literature, in some moods, is a very hollow voice. What is the virtue and service of a book? Only to help me to a more genuine realization of myself, to live less gingerly and shabbily. If it has done that, away with it; I have no wish to see it again. Sometimes, late at night, I see the damned things stacked up in tormenting rows, mere bricks of paper, and say I'd throw them all into the furnace gladly for the kingdom, power and glory of pouring out my own heart. They are only useful as a consolation for that stark dumbness and terror that comes upon one phiz-à-phiz with life itself.

* * *

Critical appreciation in this age of the exaltation of the commonplace has gone to a different kind of talent—to ruthless expositions of mean desires and animal impulses, and to skilful virtuosos on the cynical side who can make brilliant pictures of dull, dirty lives. But I think that the popularity of Christopher Morley is based upon a sound instinct for joy and pathos, sentiment and beauty, in the nobler varieties of humanity, who after all have their place even in a democracy of neurotics, schizoids, morons, and the emotionally unstable. The great grip upon the sweets of living of a Falstaff, who could say "I have more flesh than other men, and therefore more frailty," is quite incomprehensible in a tabloid, a novel by Dreiser, or the columns of a sophisticated weekly, but not to Christopher Morley and those who love him.

Like all men whose superabundance finds relief in humor, Morley is sometimes sententious, and it is this that has given him a reputation for philosophical obscurity in his more serious work that he not merit. The conclusion of "Thunder on the Left" puzzled many with its suggestion of a great mystery, and the metempsychosis of men into dogs in "Where the Blue Begins" was given a weight of possible meaning which it does not deserve. Morley is not a symbolist like Eugene O'Neill, nor yet a philosophic critic as Cabell would be, nor a social thinker like Shaw or Wells. He is the Quaker in literature, a very different and not uncommon phenomenon. He has the inner light, which means no dogmatic certainty of explanation, no great subtlety, but rather a radiant conviction of significance in the universe, and a constant power of refreshment at its central, spiritual fires. To such a man—as to Emerson—it is not necessary to reason the power of beauty, the joy of friendship, for he has them, he feels them, they are possessed. And hence all formalism, every restriction upon the full-flowing possibilities of life, is an enemy to be attacked as jocundly as the fly on the window pane. Morley's villains are always dead men—ossified bishops, business hacks, belittlers, the predacious, mean creatures who have lost their souls.

This is the tragedy of "Thunder on the Left," and its major theme. Those children who leave by the author's will their plane of time and are projected into a possible adulthood, what happens while they live in an inevitable but not yet existent future? The pathos of it is too terrible. Martin, their messenger, who is to go back to his own time, must not know all. He must not know of the cruel accidents, meaningless by any philosophy, which punish life for living; but he cannot escape the penalties of growth in an adult world—the soul that is sucked out of Ben by a soulless wife, the mind of George divided and struggling between loyalties, Joyce who might have loved him and cannot, Phyllis who loves too late. In this book, the best that he has written, and one of the best books, I think, in recent fiction, in spite of the tricky mechanics of the end, there is no subtle philosophy, but only the deep conviction that life takes with one hand what it gives with the other, and that safety lies only in loving life and hating the lifeless.

* * *

One begins to see why, his quips and cranks aside, Morley writes only of Moral Man. I do not mean man with a moral, or man that behaves morally, for this author's revision of the Ten Commandments would, I fear, exclude him from any sect except the Stoics or the Epicureans, between which I see him wavering with a mug of beer in one hand and a New Testament in the other. It is in man with a moral sense that Morley is interested, in all too human man, excessive man, amorous man, Gargantuan man, man fully equipped with throat, stomach, and all his organs, functioning on a high-power current, full of ozone, rich in vitamins, the natural man of the theologians, who yet is aware of self-control, conscious of duty, desirous of beauty spiritual as well as beauty physical, pathetically determined to live like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, not as Caliban or as Mr. Dreiser's or Mr. Anderson's self-accommodating heroes. This is another radiation from Morley's inner light, and it is his dæmon, his control. It sets him among that rare company which the sparse and lean of the world have always distrusted and mere loose livers rightly disliked—the Ben Jonsons, Shakespeares, Goethes, Whitmans, who dare to open arms to all of life and yet will not take all life in. It is not caution—that is the morale of another kind of man—but a resultant of can and cannot in desires that can neither be reconciled nor excluded. Philosophy we do not get from such men (except Goethe), but from the greatest, unforgettable examples of what life may be that are more vital than life itself, and from lesser men, a brave imagination that throbs with the blood of eager existence and yet is aware of the flaming sword.

* * *

I am using these great instances to explain the complexion of Morley's mind. Yet that mind has its own individuality, and in nothing more than in its attitude toward man—and woman. Christopher Morley is a man's man by choice, one would say. His companionship outside his own country dwelling is among men. Men drink and talk and laugh with him; he was, they said at college, a rake among scholars, a scholar among rakes; he is not to be found at literary teas or dinners of the intelligentsia. Look for him rather in back offices where pipe smoke reeks, at round tables behind closed doors, or setting the room aroar while the host's wife upstairs fears for her best china. Yet women love him and his works. They are his best readers; they forgive him the puns not made for them or his relapses into the humors of Thomas Hood, and they encourage his occasional sentimentalism, when, his love of life's phenomena become a little groggy, he sweeps all the scenery to his eager breast.

* * *

And they are right. For Morley is a novelist of women more than men. His men are variants of his own divided and questing spirit, such as George Granville and Mr. Gissing, or they are viewed as friends expansively carried to the full sympathy of that name, "kinsprits" he calls them, who reach his imagination because they share both his gusto and his restraints. Hence as a maker of complex male characters, or as a biographer of "kinsprits," he is limited. From him you get a Conrad, a Whitman that is not the whole man, though certainly his richest part, a hero in his capacity of friend of all the world, scarcely a character, seldom a portrait. Men, Christopher Morley can do when their auras are visible, when the light they shine with is his also.

But women he knows with a deeper intuition, and more power of objective realization. He does not, I think, know much about many women, but those that he takes into his imagination come there whole and with both spirit and flesh about them. Dead women—dead for him because the love of life has gone out of them or is inhibited—he neither likes nor understands; but if, as with Phyllis in "Thunder on the Left," they are all too human in body and still vital in soul, then he has perceptions transmissible into language which are better than all the analyses in the world. Like all males who love experience, he is afraid of them (as of no man), and indeed, to understand and to sympathize one has to be a little afraid. The familiarity of the ruthless psychologist sees too much for synthesis. Indeed, as a creative artist, busy with flesh and blood rather than with meditation, Morley's future would seem to concern itself with women and men caught by their own rich impulses in the web of circumstance and struggling like George and Joyce and Phyllis not against each other, but toward the inner light. And it is because he loves life so manifested as well as the joy of living, that Morley is an artist.

* * *

Well, a friend might say more for you, Christopher Morley, but he could say no less. An enemy might say differently; he might urge a promise of greatness still meagre with only three or four books of this handsome set of red that argue a life long enough to be worthy the college from which it takes its name; an enemy might say that you are too eager to open the world's oysters by dozens, too ready to clap sentiment on the back and daff realities aside; and yet, I believe that even a less friendly critic than I must subscribe to your abounding vitality and your happy moments of admirable art.

Plays of the Season

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heywood*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Bijou Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By *Sean O'Casey*. Hudson Theatre. The Irish Players lift the curtain on a Dublin tenement under the rebellion.

PARIS BOUND. By *Philip Barry*. Music Box. A young American playwright comes into his own with a triumph of the casual.

THE ROYAL FAMILY. By *George S. Kaufman* and *Edna Ferber*. Selwyn Theatre. A wise, witty, and tender comedy of the actor at home—back of "back stage."

MARCO MILLIONS. By *Eugene O'Neill*. Guild Theatre, alternate weeks with "The Doctor's Dilemma." Venice's star travelling salesman is counting his profits when Romance knocks at the door.

STRANGE INTERLUDE. By *Eugene O'Neill*. John Golden Theatre. The Theatre Guild as experimental laboratory for O'Neill's newest, longest, most original, and most provocative play.

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Poets With a Difference

BRANCHES OF ADAM. By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER. London: Faber and Gwyer, Ltd. 1927.

THE BRIGHT DOOM. By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927.

BOY IN THE WIND. By GEORGE DILLON. New York: The Viking Press. 1927.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE are three poets who have nothing in common but their "difference." Each represents his tradition and that departure from it which marks the poet. Historically speaking, the case of Mr. Fletcher is the most varied as well as the most interesting. Twelve years ago he was the most experimental of the Imagist group and it was his innovations in polyphonic prose which attracted the late Amy Lowell to the form. Five years later he became chiefly concerned with a metaphysical poetry that was, in spirit at least, akin to Blake's. More recently, like his fellow Imagist H.D., he has been making excursions into a loosely rhythmical, loosely rhymed metric. Technically, "Branches of Adam" is a synthesis of Mr. Fletcher's methods; the measure is long and its rhythm, although irregular, approximates a blank verse line that shifts from ten to eighteen syllables. But even the most devoted admirer of the early "Irradiations" and the multicolored "Symphonies" would scarcely recognize the Fletcher of this epical work. For it is, in spite of its brevity, an epic, or a part of one; and its four books compose a unit which is its author's most ambitious and (though it will not be as much quoted as the less integrated ones) his most successful volume.

Blemishes it has; a thickness of images, a turgidity of speech which buries whole passages in a welter of rhetoric. But the flaws are incidental and pass from memory; the dignity of the poem is integral and remains. The proportions are huge; the pattern alone, "conceived in amplitude," must command respect. It is, as Mr. Fletcher's preface is quick to declare, a work with a thesis. "The object of this poem is to show that good and evil exist in the world simultaneously; that good in fact depends upon evil and evil on good. . . . I say there are two sides to God: the light-bearer and the darkness-bearer, Lucifer and Jehovah, the serpent and the eagle, Abel and Cain." Further, like the prophetic books of Blake, the poem takes on progressive and cumulative symbolism. The four books centre about the four elements. The first is the story of the creation and the fall, Adam's origin and growth from fallow dream to difficult fruition —Earth. The second book deals with Cain as Prometheus and the burning power of life—Fire. The third book is devoted to Noah—Water. The fourth, continuing the story of the flood, finds its climax in the apostrophe to the rainbow, the promise of a new heaven and new earth—Air.

It may be gathered that this is not a book for any but poets or metaphysicians. Such a conclusion would be far from a fair appraisal. It is, however, an unremittingly serious work and its earnestness is implicit, making no effort to arrest a mind that seeks prettiness or a passing titivation. Quotation can give no hint of the scope and vigor of this intensely imaginative work, but some idea of its technique may be surmised from this short excerpt:

The wind blew his trumpet and summoned up the clouds,
The pale round clouds, the long lean clouds, the clouds
golden and violet bellied,
The thunder heads of the summer, the grey drift of the
wintry gale,
The wind-driven clouds with white flying manes, the thin
rippled clouds of the snow,
They gathered together and joined their hands and stood
ready on the horizon
Like battlements on which rested the sunrise; and then
they came steadily on
In slow and monotonous march, an army that covered
the sky.

Mr. Wheelock has trusted himself to the tradition of his own youth. Which is a pity, for his latest volume, which is his sixth, reveals no advance over his first. Like Mr. Fletcher he is concerned with "the human fantasy" and the metaphysics of an earth in which good and evil, love and murder, spiders and Shakespeares are unified in a great parade of affirmation. More than Mr. Fletcher, however, he suffers from rhapsody, and his rhetoric is at the same time louder and more limited. There is a prevalence of vatic gestures, a dependence on such words as "innumerable," "immensities," "ecstasy," "immortal," "lonely endlessness." Such syllables and phrases like "the immemorial ritual," "the immemorial majesty of heaven" give the impression that the author is not writing new poems but rewriting the same one. The concluding "Salutation" is, one would swear, the very finale with which Mr. Wheelock is in a habit of ending his high-spirited volumes.

Yet these handicaps, even occasional couplets as banal as

In the leafy solitudes
Where the ancient beauty broods,

are not great enough to weigh down the buoyance of the verse. Something more than energy, something close to radiance struggles above the rhetorical periods of "The Holy Earth," the prolix "Affirmation," the too clamorous "Noon: Amagansett Beach," and rises swiftly from the shorter evocations. It is in these more condensed pieces—especially in "The Undiscovered Country," "These Two," "Golgotha," "Reverberation," "This Quiet Dust"—that substance transcends syllables. For all his songs, cymbals, and windy cadenzas, Mr. Wheelock knows how to orchestrate simply. And

YOUTHFUL PICTURE OF DISRAELI
From André Maurois's "Disraeli" (Appleton).

it is in his less magniloquent moments that his music is most compelling.

THIS QUIET DUST

Here in my curving hands I cup
This quiet dust—I lift them up.

Here is the mother of all thought,
Of this the shining heavens are wrought,
The laughing lips, the feet that rove,
The face, the body that you love:
Mere dust, no more—yet nothing less;
And this has suffered consciousness,
Passion and terror; this again
Shall suffer passion, death, and pain.

For, as all flesh must die, so all,
Now dust, shall live. 'Tis natural;
Yet hardly do I understand—
Here in the hollow of my hand
A bit of God Himself I keep,
Between two vigils fallen asleep.

In contrast, the work of George Dillon has a particular clarity, an almost limpid purity. Those who have noticed the fugitive poems by this young poet will, in a measure, be prepared for his peculiar combination of firmness and *finesse*. But even those who have predicted much for him will be astonished at the extraordinary level of the contents of "Boy in the Wind." It has become the fashion to herald such a surprise with the news that "this is the most remarkable first volume of poetry since—" (Edna St. Vincent Millay's or Elinor Wylie's or Louise Bogan's or Leonie Adams's) and no book ever deserved the comparison more than Mr. Dillon's. But this poet deserves more; he deserves the critical consideration we give the highest: judging it as though no other poet were living with which to compare him. His pages not only stand the severity of such a test, but tempt one to cast aside criticism for scarcely reserved enthusiasm. A volume that includes such poems as "April's Amazing Meaning," "In Two Months Now," "No Question," "The World Goes Turning," "Love Like Fear," "Wintry Spring," "Afternoon," "In Favour of Stone" (Mr. Dillon, it will be seen, has a gift for titles) is a rare thing even in this fecund era.

The critical mood, thrown back upon itself, will find something to sharpen its temper upon. There is an over-use of the wind as symbol; there are (and what is more natural in a young man just out of his nonage) bits of preciosity; there are, at times, lapses into a speech which is a little pompous in its polysyllables. This is Mr. Dillon at his worst:

Of this strong pregnant land six swift years after
Where throbs spring's hushed unaltered turbulence—
And so am seizure to the high pretense
Of Beauty and her allegoric laughter,

But these moments are infrequent and the very poems that contain them compensate by following the cluttered jargon with a clipped freshness. He can drop from the scholastic to the simple as suddenly as

All adamantine permanence
Is wrought of unearned indolence.
Still stones will sleep for evermore
But waves walk always to a shore.

This book has the quality of a Spring evening—the interplay of earth and air smells, the thin *excitement, the faint nostalgia which is not sadness* so much as a longing for it. It is all here, all the old tangles set forth in new clarities.

Patient boy, watching the broad
Pale birds lunging down the road
. . . . . .
Rain would win his wildest moods—
Certainly he will not rest
If green rain in rigid rods
Bores the ground above his breast.

Even the winter poems retain that fresh fragrance:

The snow came down like stars tonight
Over the city silently
The air, like a great, glittering tree
Bloomed noiselessly with light.

Often, obviously, the image, the fragment, the quatrain is more poetic than the complete poem. But there need be no talk of "promise" here. Every few pages proves the artist. They prove, moreover, his right, at the age of twenty-one, to be considered one of America's undoubted lyric poets.

History of Christianity

CHRISTIANITY PAST AND PRESENT. By CHARLES GUIGNEBERT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $3.75.

Reviewed by DAVID S. MUZZE
Columbia University

THE definitive cleavage in religion those who accept a supernatural revelation in the Scriptures or in the dogmas of the Church and those who do not. For the former the entire history of Christianity is but the unfolding of a drama whose plot is implicit in the purpose of God: its method is deductive, apologetic, teleological, and theological. For the latter the history of Christianity is the evolution of the teachings of a Syrian peasant prophet, which came at divers times into contact with such various transforming influences as the mystery religions of the East, the speculations of Hellenistic philosophy, the disciplinary rigor of the Roman Empire, Teutonic chaos, feudal arrogance, aristocratic Humanism, rivalistic nationalism, the recurrent visions of democracy, and the persistent curiosities of science. The history is traceable in purely human terms, without recourse to miracle or "metaphysical aid;" its method is inductive, disinterested, objective, and pragmatic.

M. Guignebert belongs in the latter class. His brilliant history of Christianity from the days of Jesus to the present will bring no comfort to orthodox believers and no support to sectarian apologists. He treats Christianity as he would treat Confucianism or Mohammedanism, as the historical development of a doctrine and an institution, under human and scrutable conditions, subject to the changing currents of political, economic, social, and cultural ideals from age to age. He has striven (with success!) to eradicate that "powerful atavistic tendency" of Romano-Christian culture which "would have us believe that Christianity could never have been such a religion as the others; that its genesis and the course of its long career until the present day follow methods that were exceptional; and that it never would perish." For Professor Guignebert, at least, Christian history has "entered that happy sphere of complete scientific serenity in which the seeker, desirous only of finding out the facts, sees them as they are and requires no other service from them than to add to his knowledge." This "happy sphere of complete scientific serenity" will seem to the orthodox believer rather like an arid waste of infidelity. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

Yet even the orthodox critics, who may deplore the deficiency of religion in Professor Guignebert's

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book, cannot fail to recognize the author's breadth of vision, depth of scholarship, clarity of exposition, and charity of judgment. He is equally removed from apologetics and polemics. His object is neither to condone nor to condemn, but to explain. He does not hesitate to put forward challenging views on vital questions, such as Jesus's own conception of His mission, the religious education of Saint Paul, the heavy cost to religion of the triumph of the Church in the Roman Empire, the dominant political factors in the elevation of the Roman bishop to an ecumenical patriarch, the harm that the "irrefragable," "angelic," "subtle," and "seraphic" doctors of Scholasticism did to religion, the "terrible imprudence" of the Tridentine decrees, which condemned the Church to the complete immobility of spiritual sclerosis; but, having stated his views, he is more concerned to justify them by the citation of scholarly proofs than to inculcate them by the clamorous rhetoric of eulogy and denunciation.

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In spite of his manifest desire to be fair to every manifestation of genuine religious conviction, M. Guignebert seems to us not to have done full justice to the Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century. He devotes a chapter of less than twenty pages, in a book of over five hundred, to the Reformation, which he characterizes in the opening sentence as a product of "the influence of Humanism on religious thought." There is no doubt that there were important humanistic elements in Protestantism; but it is equally true that in many respects the Reformation was the very antithesis of Humanism, and that in the depth of their religious experience the great reformers found companionship with Saint Paul and Augustine rather than with Filelfo and Plato. Athens was not their cynosure. As professor of the history of Christianity at the University of Paris, M. Guignebert naturally envisages religion from the Latin point of view. It is the "disruption of Christian doctrine" which he sees in Protestantism—and deplores; for, as he maintains, "it is not to Apostolic Christianity" that the Reformation takes us back, but to "a personal religion called forth by the intellectual and moral needs of the day." Here, and here alone in his book, M. Guignebert does a little special pleading for the "essence of historical Christianity;" and rejoices that the Catholic Modernist Loisy has "triumphantly demonstrated in his celebrated 'L'Evangile et l'Eglise' true scientific religious liberalism in opposition to the Protestant Harnack's 'Das Wesen des Christentums'."

Professor Guignebert divides his book into three parts. The first part deals rather briefly with the teaching of Jesus, more fully with the profound Pauline modification of the Palestinian gospel, with the foundation and structure of the Apostolic Church, with the conflict between Christian and pagan ideas, and with the transformation of the Apostolic Church into the Church Catholic and Roman, by a triumph over the Roman state which was "a victory obtained at so great a cost (to religion) that men of the Apostolic age would have regarded it as a catastrophe."

* * *

In part II, dealing with the Middle Ages, M. Guignebert is at his best. His chapters on the rise of the Papacy, the spirit of Scholasticism, learned and popular opposition to the developing autocracy of Rome, and the final triumph of sacerdotalism are unsurpassed in the literature of Church history and doctrine. Any brief comment upon them, however discriminating or sympathetic, would be an unpardonable foreshortening. They must be read as they stand, in their clear and cogent exposition. Part III covers the period from the rise of Humanism to the present. In these chapters on the Protestant and Catholic reform movements, the Council of Trent, the age of Enlightenment, and the victory of immutable Romanism over the champions of liberal theology and scientific accommodation on the Church, M. Guignebert still gives ample evidence of keen analytical power and convincing argument. Yet his view is less comprehensive here and his method less objective than in the preceding pages of the book. He pays too little attention to liberal forces acting outside of the sphere of influence of Roman Catholicism; and within that sphere of influence he betrays an increasing sympathy with the revolt of Loisy, Tyrrell, and their fellow Modernists against the stark *non possumus* of a pontifical absolutism guarding the Tridentine finality of dogma from the incursions of the modern spirit of democracy, science, and culture.

Christianity as a positive religion, thinks M. Guignebert, is approaching its end. It really never did win the western world to more than a formal and uncomprehending adherence. Like other historical religions, it will "have its day and cease to be." Not that the ethical leaven of the gospel of Jesus will cease to work in men's hearts, nor the priestly mediation of supernatural power cease to awe men's minds. But neither ethics nor magic is Christianity. Both existed before the Christian religion was born, and both may continue to exist after it has died. In the future of Protestantism Professor Guignebert is only mildly interested. "The Christian idea," he says, "continues to impregnate the moral and spiritual life of the Protestant churches—a state of things which may last almost indefinitely." But the Roman Catholic Church, he thinks, will succumb to the two deadly ills of formal ritual and clerical psychasthenia. "Catholicism, which has become Romanism, can no longer evolve." It turned aside (at Trent) from the opportunity to appropriate and absorb the spirit of the modern age, and "then deliberately destroyed all the bridges between the living world and itself. . . . It is thus that all religions end, religions which, like living organisms, are born of a need, nourished upon death, die day by day of life, and finally lapse again into the eternal crucible."

This pessimistic concluding judgment of M. Guignebert's book, however, ought not to prejudice the reader unduly. It is contradicted by many constructive and hopeful passages in the preceding pages. The work as a whole is not a lethal draught but an invigorating tonic for religion. The only pity is that it is marred by a wretched translation into unidiomatic, Frenchified English, and that it has no index.

Japan in Foreign Eyes

A NEW ENGLANDER IN JAPAN: DANIEL CROSBY GREENE. By Evarts Boutell Greene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $5.

NIPPON. By Louis Couperus. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by E. H. Vickers

DANIEL CROSBY GREENE, a native New-Englander, was for almost forty-four years (1869-1913) a missionary of the Congregational Church in Japan. His eldest son, "a historian by trade" (for more than thirty years professor at the University of Illinois and at Columbia University), has in this book built for him a beautiful biographical monument. With discriminating taste and with excellent craftsmanship, the author has depicted his father's experience in relation to "the Puritan tradition which he inherited" and in connection with the "transition from feudal to modern society" in Japan. This background of austere New England and of fast changing conditions in Japan, vividly and truthfully sketched, must appeal to serious readers who have little interest in persons or in church missions.

Interestingly sketched into the background of Greene's New England ancestry and his youthful experiences are many well known places, people and events. Here are the Boston, Roxbury, Andover, Hanover, N. H., rural New England and Chicago of the last mid-century. In the family kinship appear the names of Roger Sherman, William M. Evarts, George F. Hoar. College, seminary and church associations introduce Timothy Dwight, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, James Freeman, Edward A. Park. Greene comments as an auditor on lectures by Emerson, Dickens, Frederick Douglas, Dwight L. Moody. Intimate views of the "Andover controversy" and of various phases of the nascent liberal and rational theology pre-illuminate the way to "modernism" and afford a better vision of the probable significance of the controversy which recently culminated in the Scopes trial.

Fortunately for the future career of Greene as missionary in Japan, wide reading, variety of experiences and of personal contacts, rapidity of change in material environment, even theological controversy itself were influences which tended further to develop in him a natural attitude of broad and sympathetic tolerance. Greene was more than most of the missionaries appreciative of the truth and the merit in the philosophy, even also the religions, of the Orient; more ready for concessions in non-essentials in so shaping missionary policies as to make fundamental Christianity in practice acceptable to the Japanese people. "The polemic element was not conspicuous in Greene's religious teaching. . The rôle of the iconoclast was not suited to his temperament; and, as time went on, he was increasingly inclined to seek for those elements in the older way of thinking which could be carried over into the Christian way of life."

Like many other travelers who have attempted to interpret things Japanese, the author of "Nippon" is at great disadvantage because of inability to speak, to read, to understand the language; even more at a disadvantage because of viewpoints that often distort and discolor the subjects surveyed, and unfortunately, Couperus labored under additional handicaps that were peculiar to himself. He fell ill of influenza immediately after his arrival at Nagasaki, and a little later at Kyoto found himself a victim of typhoid fever which confined him for seven weeks within the hospital for foreigners at Kobe. Hence he was "forced to show you Japan as seen through a hospital window." By temperament an aesthete and by trade a writer of romance, he found himself set at an unwelcome task. Treasures of Japanese art viewed in Western collections and fanciful narratives of enthusiastic writers had prepared for him in expectancy a sort of paradise or fairy land, called Japan. Illness, physical discomfort, smells, hotel lobby gossip, antipathies shatter the illusion and prepare innumerable "disappointments." The resulting prejudice extends beyond the Japanese and includes also "English enthusiasts" and "wealthy Americans."

Although Couperus seems personally aggrieved because "English enthusiasts" have pictured a Japan which he cannot find in reality, yet he himself does not hesitate to describe in detail a Japanese wrestling match, including the arena "crowded to suffocation," which it was one of his "disappointments" not to see. Having years before seen Japanese wrestling at Rome, he gives "a synthetic description of a Japanese wrestling bout, constructed out of what I once saw and what I heard and read here." There are other descriptions constructed out of what he "heard and read" and also obviously imagined. His sources of information were apparently to a great extent his nurse, his guide, other casual contacts of a tourist, some reading and a fertile imagination. There is little verification; but there is much amplification in the way of imaginative comment, especially concerning things that stir his emotions. His fertile mind and his masterful powers of expression give to the book a quality that may interest those—if there be any such—for whom reading is merely a pastime. Yet the pity is that Couperus in his last writing departed so far from the field wherein he was happy and achieved marked distinction.

Publication of the letters of Emile Zola to the Goncourt brothers (says a dispatch from the *Herald Tribune* bureau in Paris) which long has been prohibited because of the unreined frankness in some of them, referring to notables still living, at last has been authorized by the Ministry of Education, M. Herriot announced. This comes as the climax to a literary controversy pertaining to Zola's letters —now in the Bibliothèque Nationale—which the Académie Goncourt strenuously tried to keep secret.

M. Herriot states that he has consulted Premier Poincaré in the matter, since the latter was formerly juridical adviser to the Académie Goncourt, and the Premier believes that the letters are not the property of the Académie and therefore their publication cannot be prohibited.

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"Dizzy"

(*Continued from page* 625)

easy to call Disraeli an *arriviste,* but the job of arriving was so well done, against such odds, and with such patience and artistry that the word seems unfitting.

But was there something more than arriving that he had at heart, some policies which he was set on carrying through? He admired what he was not of, the old governing families; he rationalized the rule of those families, with the Sovereign at the centre, into a political principle, as the most characteristically English method of government, and so the best. The new industrial classes rising to influence did not interest him. Social reform, yes, of course, but bestowed from above. Hence today his philosophy seems a bit romantic and outworn. Nor did it work in his own time. "He had failed," says Maurois, "precisely because he was an aristocrat of the spirit, whereas the character of England is essentially of its middle classes." "But," continues Maurois, "the defeat was only relative. He had pieced together the fragments of a great party. He had reëstablished the balance between the historic forces and the forces of transition and change." Hardly a great piece of work that. Maurois is too honest to claim for his hero any great accomplishment. He would perhaps say that his life and personality were his achievement.

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Maurois's book is so essentially honest in its admissions and qualifications that it disarms the critic. Basing his study largely upon a close study of Monypenny and Buckle's six volumes, he has carefully skimmed letters and memoirs for light upon Disraeli, and has drawn in his own painstaking and thoughtful way an exceedingly accurate and judicious picture of Disraeli. One may be allowed to doubt if all the good stories, even if they can be dug out of perfectly well-known memoirs, are wholly historical. Maurois has taken what he thought he might require, but with discrimination, as they seemed to be in character or to explain. If now and again he presumes to tell us what Disraeli was thinking at a given moment as he walked across St. James's Park, it is to be said for him that Disraeli put such thoughts into the mouths of the characters in his novels in positions similar to his own. Maurois does romanticize a bit the struggles of Disraeli: Dizzy did that himself in his letters. Disraeli's opponents are dragons in the way of the young aspirant to Fortune. Sir Robert Peel whose place in history, to my way of thinking, will be several streets above that of Disraeli, gets much less than his deserts. Maurois tries to be just to Gladstone but with such effort. It is well nigh impossible for any Frenchman to be fair to the kind of man Gladstone was, or to the Non-Conformist Conscience. Puritanism in its seventeenth-century or nineteenth-century forms has been a mystery and an abomination to the Gallic mind since the days of Taine. Nor do I think him fair to the Earl of Derby. It may be said for Maurois, of course, that he has not time to give more than one aspect of a minor character, that aspect which appeared at the moment of his collision with Disraeli.

It seems ungracious to complain at all of a book so brilliant, so careful, and so interesting. Taken to bed it will keep one reading all night. Yet it does seem to me in places a bit forced. Maurois is by no means a Strachey, nor even an E. T. Raymond. Raymond has no such knack of writing as Maurois, but he does cut into human nature with a more skilful hand, with a mind more aware where muscles and tendons lie, more keen to probe to the disturbing element. Possibly because Raymond understands better the anatomy of English life, perhaps, because he has more sensitive fingers.

The inquiring reader of Maurois will feel impelled, I hope, to turn to Monypenny and Buckle's six volumes. The wise Buckle knew all about Disraeli, and, if he did not tell, allowed the reader to find out.

That the Newark Public Library is a Mecca for lovers of rare old magazines has been brought to light by the recently published American Library Association list of magazine titles in the files of 234 American libraries. From this list may be discovered what volumes are missing in the files of a library, and in what libraries the missing volumes may be found. It includes 107 old or rare magazines in the Newark Library, parts or all of which may not be found in the New York Public Library, and in other large public collections in New York.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

February 15: *Evenings with the Stars*

TO be sure, there is a volume with the above sub-title, published several years ago and written by an eminent lady F. R. A. S. I know that. And I trust to it to assist me whenever I refer to anything astronomical. But I was thinking of other stars. I have seen stars—"I guess you know all these people," casually gestures my hostess —I have seen stars blinking through spectacles and sipping cocktails, heard them telling innumerable anecdotes and even making bad puns. I, even I, have occasionally moved among the constellations. Late in the evening some of the stars may even have seemed to me distinctly binary. And a binary star out of focus is an unseemly visitation. But there the constellations were, nevertheless,—though one star differeth from another in glory.

We might, of course, begin with an Ursa Major. There are Ursa Majors and Ursa Minors. When they enter the room Charles's Wain hangs over the new chimney (to quote Shakespeare *via* my F. R. A. S.) and the stars begin to fall, not to mention the bricks of the flue. An Ursa Major fills a room with his voice, as befits a great bear. Orotund is perhaps the word. His dicta are damaging. His opinions are *ex cathedra.* The only way to even things up is to introduce another Ursa Major or the first will roar us all down. Once, peeping nervously around a door-jamb, I listened to an encounter between two Ursas. One had much the louder voice, so the issue was never in doubt. Yet the other Ursa stuck to it manfully. And the casing of the window, on the window-seat of which they sat, rattled and rattled, and the boulders of contradiction which they hove at each other banged deafeningly in mid air against equally large boulders of incontrovertible statement. The high wind of their argument "shook" (in Francis Thompson's words) "all the stars to flare." It was quite a flurry; but finally multitudinous discourse among the others was resumed and that surf of continuous babble somewhat prevailed.

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The Ursa Minors chiefly grumble their scorn. They may even essay epigram. Sometimes they merely sit morose. If the gathering lacks proper controversy, it is well to have one or two Ursa Minors on hand. Their intellects are frosty from hibernation under the pole star of truth, but their blood is often hot. These bears can sometimes be baited into a shaggy sapience forcibly expressed. And they are not without their wistfulness. In fact, "where the new constellations nightly rise" they do "add a lustre to the northern skies." Certain elements of their constitutions scintillate. I am getting fonder and fonder of Ursa Minors as I write. I have Ursa Minors for friends. After all, I myself have been known to sit morose, although my epigrams are all duds. The constellation of the Dragon (Thanks, F. R. A. S.!) entangles the lives of both Great and Little Bears; and dragons, of course, are fire-breathing. Yet a dragon, even one Ladon, guarded the Hesperidean orchard; and Gamma Draconis is the zenith star.

Let us turn to Herman Boötes, over there. He is a certain formidable kind of conservative. The whippet remarks in his leash constantly yap and nip at the heels of the Ursas. A constellation like Boötes can become a severe trial at a dinner-party. The star Arcturus, that jewel of piercing ray, too seldom glitters in the forefront of his exegesis. My Royal Fellow (or Fellowess) of the Astronomical Society calls attention to the fact that "Arcturus is known as 'the Runaway Star.'" But Boötes's ratiocination never kicks over any traces. If he only had a great many Arcturi in his composition (rather than the rare and single one) he would—be considerably brighter. But he is forever loosing those whippets of his. They bark sharply all over the room, at a good many things at which they really have no business to yap. The pursuit of Boötes himself is rather lumbering. He is, in fact, often positively flat-footed with platitude. When the Ursa Minors converge upon Boötes, however, there ensues something better than bear-baiting.

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I have no intention of dealing thoroughly with the Zodiac. I am merely indicating a few aberrations of light. Let us turn to Lyra. ("—shook Lyra all her star-chord seven.") Seven, as we know, is a mystical number. Orpheus himself broods over Lyra, for Lyra was once a little tortoise. Even now, unexpectedly and inexplicably, Lyra often retreats into her shell. But the astute Arabian recognizes her also as a swooping eagle of the desert. Sometimes, indeed, she can disconcert you with Vegan blue blazes. My handbook, however, need not inform me that our particular solar system seems strongly attracted by the brilliant star in the intellect of Lyra. Just look at the other stars clustering about her! If occasional dragon eyes seem sometimes to glare at her, they but indicate the better her illuminance. Yet Lyra, with bewitched innocence, delights in holding herself aloof, vibrating to her own inner mocking music. She is apt to confuse herself with Andromeda, the chained lady. Of course Lyra also (though not in actual science) "is closely linked to Pegasus." But Lyra possesses a rarer distinction than Andromeda. For there is a nebula in Andromeda.

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And there is also a Gamma in Agatha Andromeda. (Oh well, if you must have it, I mean Grandma!) This Gamma in Andromeda often turns strange green and orange lights on the presentation of some subject,—which is confusing. It isn't that Agatha means to mess up our arguments; but her temperament, dealing as it does with the misty and the odd, picks peculiar things out of any discussion merely for the purpose of playing with them. Sometimes the light she sheds is exhilaratingly fantastic. Sometimes she simply pores in spectacles over her knitting. Her nature is chained to a rock of strong inhibition, and she really desires no Perseus. She would be infinitely unhappy if wrested from her rock. So she avoids that awful, irretrievable step known as "thinking through" (which, to my own apprehension, *is* rather an impossible feat) and occasionally sports dreams viridian and blood-orange. Yet they are dreams only; for though Andromeda can be bitingly charming, she is actually anything but audacious.

It seems unconscionably brutal to denc
lady as Hydra. And yet my well-thun
produces no constellation except Hydra
indicate the qualities of this delightful female. Let us then, by all means, please forget that old water-snake with a hundred heads! Marna Hydra is not even a lamia. But Marna is well acquainted with hundred-headed rumour. Amusingly to spread illuminating anecdote ("Have you heard the latest about—?") is one of her delicate predispositions. And she wishes, as is becoming to her empyreal legend, to appear as deep as the River Nile. The Corvus in her constitution is sometimes a crow and sometimes a storm-bird. But the bright star Alphard is in her heart. Its coruscations often blind the raven croaking in her temperament. Marna Hydra dreams still of Egypt; for of her, star-gazers from the pyramids were fain. And at the sight of looming Hercules she urges Juno, as of old, to dispatch a crustacean to sting his heel. Marna Hydra broods somewhat, and is averse to all buncombe. She coils up slimly on an apple-green couch, tilts a neat dark head, and, with long-lashed eyes, chiefly observes the fact that, after all, most of us present know considerably less than knew the Egyptians.

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At our constellate soirées there occasionally appear, of course, both Canis Major and Canis Minor. Great dogs, some of them are; and some less so, but oh,—quite doggy! Canis Major is, in fact, a very devil of a fellow, according to his own account. But so many Canis Minors deem themselves Canis Major! And when Raphael Orion throws a party, how Sirius and Procyon do come to heel! And how, incidentally, the pretty Hyades (not yet tearful) do flutter about this new effulgence! Orion certainly outtops the average. Yet, though they say his buckler is the skin of a lion, it often seems to me far more like the hide of a rhinoceros. And I am positive that he trenches his huge prose almost entirely with his massive club. At Orion's, I look around me to find Harry Lepus, the Hare. I take my seat beside him. Lepus may pretend, in agile canniness, to be no more than Orion's footstool; but he knows well enough that his own lunar wisdom surpasses the illumination of that arrogant sun. True, his keenest intuition is a variable star, uncertain in the intensity of its light. Yet he is really only biding his time. Let Tom Taurus, the swaggerer, possess his Aldebaran! No star in our lati-

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tudes surpasses in ruddy inspiration the variable one of Lepus when his apparently rabbitlike rumination is fulfilled of the mystery of the moon.

I have purposely avoided Cecil Scorpio; and Matilda Libra (or, as her intimates call her, "The Balance") is a thought too massively judicial a woman to be quite as interesting as the others. Aubrey Aquila has attributes of the eagle,—he is a grand and richly romantic fellow. But over yonder sits Delphinus, and Delphinus carries within him a star-pointed Job's coffin; Despite this burden upon his heart, he is constantly rescuing immortal music from the machinations of the Corinthians, and disporting himself in sounding seas of dream. Delphinus will either sit huddled like a spectre at a feast, or rouse himself; with an absent expression, sonorously to render beautiful quotation. And now he is the Dolphin, now Arion himself, cast overboard by the dull and suspicious, only to ride old ocean more strongly with singular song. Across from him reclines the large Oliver Ophiuchus, who seems forever to be strangling a serpent in his rather prominent hands. Ophiuchus appears a suave enough fellow, save for this peculiar superstition I hold in regard to him. In Greek mythology, I learn from my little book, he was called Aesculapius the Physician. And I am not at all surprised. There is much of the mental physician, of the healer, in the sane and understanding interpolations of Ophiuchus. But then—it may be in the midst of a jest—comes that slow strangling movement of his hands, as if to rend something within his being. Some serpent in his thought has reared its head. Or is it merely an old inheritance that his strictly modern ideas continually combat? Yet snakes are symbolically twined about the caduceus of Hermes, the god of physicians. Ophiuchus, often healing others with his rationalism, sustains inner wounds that will, perhaps, never be healed.

Thus then, with a considerably battered and twisted telescope I have peered for you at a few constellations. My lens may be rather flawed. Here or there, also, though you may think there is someone you can actually recognize, I have been deeply dissembling. Well, comparing people to constellations is a gruelling business, even though one possesses a book by an F. R. A. S. for the rendering of astronomical assistance. When you next foregather with the artistic world, take on the task yourself! You may easily discover other Ursas, other Orions, other Great and Little Dogs, other equally scintillating magnitudes. There are so many that I have necessarily omitted. So be it! This has, I hope, at least proved as intelligent a pastime as playing pencil-and-paper games.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(*To be continued*)

"Sodome et Gomorrhe"

CITIES OF THE PLAIN. By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. Limited Edition. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1928. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

MR. C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF has safely passed the half-way mark in his lengthy task of translating Proust. He and his publishers have seen fit, no doubt for reasons of public policy, to make less explicit the title of Volume V of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," and to issue it in a limited edition for sale "by subscription only." The professional reformers and the amateurs of pornography are unlikely to be misled so much by this proceeding as by the contents itself. In this case, a great deal of black and silver binding and a price three times that of previous instalments scarcely cover a multitude of sins, though the cities referred to *are* Sodom and Gomorrah,—not, as a British reviewer felt it necessary to explain when the new title was announced, Oxford and Cambridge!

Though their inhabitants are on the scene much of the time, Proust devotes but forty-five pages to a discussion of their morals. In this limited space about all that is necessary is said of the subject. As a virtuoso performance, in fact, these pages more than hold their own, even in the face of ample recent competition.

Once over this hurdle, which is likely to remain a principal bar to Proust's acceptance by most Anglo-Saxons, the translator proceeds to follow the nameless autobiographic hero to an evening party at the Princesse de Guermantes'. Fortunate evening, to which Proust consecrates more than one hundred and fifty pages of his choicest and most sensitive writing! Next he returns to Balbec, scene of the hero's encounter with the *jeunes filles en fleurs* of the second volume. Here enters the all-important motive of jealousy (the hero suspecting Albertine of Lesbian inclinations) which is later given full rein. The brief but memorable section called "The Intermissions of the Heart" deals largely with his memory of his grandmother. Finally there is another dinner scene, very different but equally instructive, at which the Verdurins entertain Baron de Charlus and his protégé, the violinist Morel. The prodigious account of the Baron's sham duel, in which the balance between humor and tragedy is indeed delicate, and a last outburst of jealousy close this portion of the work.

* * *

Reviewing "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" in sections, as it appears in English, is not without peculiar difficulties. Though at first glance Proust's book may seem to lack qualities of form and construction, this is only in the conventional sense. Instead, the whole work possesses an interior form of its own, relating every part and every character to every other. Perhaps it will be sufficient to say that "Sodome et Gomorrhe" presents material richer than usual to the reader, less static and more nearly dramatic, and that none of Proust's many displays of snobbishness is more thoroughly in character or more satisfying than that of the Princesse de Guermantes' party. Proust's style is at its best throughout, and this is the last section which he corrected and reviewed for publication himself. Before "La Prisonnière" could be prepared he had surprised his friends, who were inclined to consider his illness as a myth or a convenience designed to save him the trouble of seeing people, by dying.

But what renders this immensely long and prolix chronicle of snobs and servants, sex and art, so tyrannically interesting to some of us? Many answers have been made, satisfactory in one degree or another, but there is one which is plausible enough to bear repetition. In its baldest terms, it may serve as an explanation of Proust's importance.

* * *

Proust, not without utilizing certain tricks and formulas of his own, and not of course without being influenced by many predecessors, has introduced into the novel (or the writing of memoirs, if you prefer) a new conception of time, space, and form, analogous to that introduced into the sciences and the other arts by such men as Einstein and the modernist painters. This conception depends largely upon his theory of memory, fully explained only in his last volume, "Le Temps Retrouvé." He does not treat his memories as material with which to reconstruct the past, as do most novelists; instead, he desires to reproduce in words these very memories. His subject is not, in short, what he remembers, but the memory itself. Also, in examining his memory, he has, as it were, reduced the distance between the eye and the object, until his work becomes microscopic in character, abnormally detailed and abnormally prolix. It is the trick of Swift with Brobdingnag, but with this difference: Swift attempts for satiric purposes to describe a definite (albeit imaginary) kingdom, the product of his fantasy; while Proust's realm is the undefined field of the memory. This microscopic view-point explains the slowness of Proust's tempos, the fitful progress of his narrative, which follows only the variable outline dictated by his memories. Consequently his work is unlike any other in form, just as his sentences, designed to convey these special researches, are unlike any others, often proceeding by a sort of trial and error process in the course of which the reader is apt to lose the trend entirely.

However seriously one may take Proust, (and many feel that he has been taken altogether too seriously), here we have him in English, admirably transplanted thanks to Mr. Scott-Moncrieff. But for some reason which certainly cannot be the selling price of the books, he has not been too well printed or proofread.

Lloyd Osbourne, Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson, who now lives most of the year in a beautiful villa at Cap d'Antibes, has written, after a long interval of silence, another novel, "The Grierson Mystery." It will probably be published this year.

A Hero of the Wheatfields

RED RUST. By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FINE in conception, somewhat less fine in execution, Mrs. Cannon's novel celebrates an illiterate, inarticulate, unknown farmer of the Minnesota plains who makes himself a genuine creator; a rural Hampden, who with dauntless breast faces and conquers the chief tyrants of his whole region—frost, wind, and wheat-rust. Hers is the story of the undiscovered genius who, because his environment never gives him a decent chance, achieves a slender destiny after a lifetime of obscure toil. With even ordinary opportunities, he might have been an eminent scientific leader; as it is, he dies without knowing that his groping, undirected experiments have benefited a whole State. It is a story which might well have its counterpart in actual life, and it is told by a writer who was reared among the Northwestern people and scenes with which she deals.

Given the time and place of her story, Mrs Cannon has not chosen a hero exceptionally ill-favored by fortune. Hans Mattson was a typical figure of pioneer Minnesota a generation ago. Born in Sweden, brought to America at the age of five, taken to the fringe of Western settlement, and brought up in a region devoid of comforts and of books, he hardly realized what were the advantages of older communities which he had missed. He was given but ten months' schooling. He never had an opportunity to travel. Yet he possessed a mind which, if it had been allowed contact with libraries, laboratories, and inspiring men, might have made him a famous scientist. The neighborhood thought him eccentric in his devotion to print, and worse than eccentric—shiftless, improvident—when he neglected the routine farm operations to experiment with grain. From one source or another, chiefly from random scraps in farm papers, he picked up Darwin's salient ideas regarding variation and selection in the plant world, and attempted to apply them to wheat. The farmers all about him lost their crops because their grain was caught by cold weather, was lodged by storms, or was destroyed by rust. Hans Mattson obtained different seeds, sending even to Sweden for mountain varieties; in his groping, untaught way he tested and cross-bred them; and after a long life of misfortune he perfected a wheat which matured early, whose short straw defied the wind, and which was rust-proof.

The novel of untaught, half-frustrate genius always faces the difficulty of making the genius seem real. Mrs. Cannon's central figure is Hans Mattson of the experimental plot, pursuing his cross-fertilizations, wondering over the diversity of grains and trying to define the laws of inheritance; and it is hard to give such an embodiment of scientific zeal sufficient life to make him more than a lay-figure. A love story runs through the book, and at times quite dominates the interest. It is the heroine of this love-story, the poor abused widow whom Hans marries and who then blooms into a second youth, who in retrospect seems the author's most vivid creation. She is far more vital and appealing than Hans. We see her first as the wife of a brutal immigrant, who is mercifully killed in an accident before he kills her; later as the sweetheart, much maligned by neighborhood gossip, of Hans; later still as his devoted wife and co-worker, as eager as he in quest of the perfect wheat. Indubitably, in all three of these rôles she is more interesting and vital than Hans himself. Yet the necessities of the novel demand that she be kept a subordinate personage. They demand that the story of love and marriage and wedded devotion be held subordinate to the story of those experimental plots and the slow emergence of the perfect wheat. It is a good deal to ask, and the author does not quite meet the demand. Somehow, Hans is not so important to us as Lena, and the wheat arouses our emotions less than the throbbing chronicle of family happiness and unhappiness.

Mrs. Cannon knows her section and her people; her book never flags in interest, and its sincerity impresses the reader; yet it falls short of the precise effect at which she aimed. On the whole, our final impression is of an excellent theme and excellent materials marred through the author's failure to let the work mature in her mind, and through lack of expert technical mastery.

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

(*A Platter of Ginger Cubes, Reprinted by Request*)

TEDIUM LAUDAMUS

EVEN in the Church, where tedium is prolific,
I hail thee first, Episcopalian bore—
Who else can serve as social soporific
And, without snoring, teach the rest to snore.

IMPERIAL TRADITION

What, said the reporter,
Is your opinion of Mussolini's work in Italy?
Ah, said the Old Mandarin
(In merry mood that afternoon),
He is simply carrying on
Cæsar's Garlic War.

BUT THIS IS NOT A PROMISE

Once I saw in some statistics
That the life of the American female
Averages 3.22 years longer
Than that of the American male.
So let no wife despair:
In the vast perspective of actuarial reckoning
She may reasonably count
On 3 years,
80 days,
7 hours, and
12 minutes,
Of perfect freedom.

VOICES IN THE FOG

Now returns the season of misty mornings:
From this inland pagoda, before my breakfast,
I hear the boats whistling
In the Gulf of Shi-pa-hoy.
What mellow groaning and musical interchange!
They sound to me like the cries of philosophers
Plaintively feeling their dangerous way
Through the fogs of metaphysical error.
I seem to hear
The soft faint drone of Confucius,
The confident boom of Lord Bacon,
The perplexed rumble of Coleridge,
The hoarse jarring mutter of Schopenhauer,
The clear siren of Santayana,
The shrill hoot of Voltaire!

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

I was afraid the parson
Would go to law
About that $490 I owed him.
But I bilked him.
I offered to pay it in seventy instalments
Of seven dollars each,
And he didn't dare
Take the money.

TRAFFIC

Yes, the traffic problem is terrible.
I find it so in my mind, too.
Skipping from the swift shining limousine of an Emotion,
I am spattered by the broad tires of a thundering Platitude;
Almost nipped by a clangorous ambulance bearing a swooning Certainty
I barely escape the rumbling trolley of Doubt.
And ever and again,
While my timid soul stands dubiously alert,
The Fire Chief goes chiming up my medulla
In his little red racer.

GRADE CROSSING

There are some literary critics
(Said the Old Mandarin, sipping a *petit verre*)
Who remind me of a gong at a grade crossing
Clanging loudly and vainly
As the train roars by.

PROGRAMME NOTE FOR A COSMIC MELODRAMA

The Author requests the audience
Not to divulge the solution
Of the mystery on which the action is founded.
Future patrons
Will more greatly relish the dénouement
If kept in suspense
Till the final curtain.

NONE OF MY BUSINESS

I saw a satisfied bee
Blissfully asleep in a hollyhock flower.
I tickled him with a straw
To see if he would wake,
And then I was ashamed
Realizing how gravely I had been infected
By your American passion for interfering
In other people's affairs.

No harm was done, however—
He only grumbled affectionately
And turned over on the other side.

DISTRIBUTION OF CREDIT

It is certainly true
(Admitted the Old Mandarin)
That a great proportion of meritorious poetry
Was inspired by beautiful women;
But it would never have been actually written
Without black coffee.

"BESTERS AND BOONERS"

When I was a little ape at Oxford
(As Gibbon used to say),
We had a traditional toast.
Next after proposing the health of His Majesty,
The chairman would always cry
Besters and Booners!

Besters, in the argot of that home of classic speech,
Meant the Girl Friend;
And Booners, one's favorite crony,
The Boon Companion.
The pledge was always drunk bottoms up.
So, gentlemen, in the language of that old academy,
I give you the toast,
Besters and Booners!

MINUET WITH AN INTERVIEWER

My opinions about literature?
But I have no opinions at ten A. M.
I wipe the slate clean when I go to bed
And rise every morning
To consider the world *de novo*.
To begin the day with an opinion
Is to be a traitor to the Future.
Say, that's pretty good, that's a good line,
She remarked calmly.
Don't worry, Mr. Mandarin; if you haven't any opinions
The *Evening Lens* will give you some.

Come back about dusk, my dear,
That's when I begin to have Good Ideas.
And I heard the Old Mandarin say to his manager
Isn't she a little pippin?
I hope she will.

FALSE ALARM

I sit here tonight
Fortified in my own particular silence,
Donny, the sheep-dog, lies in the next room,
And sometimes, when he stirs,
The tinkle of his license tag
Seems, for the dreadful tithing of a second,
The preliminary tocsin of a telephone call.

In that bursting schism of the mind
My whole wary garrison leaps furious to defense
And my walls bristle with armored paladins
Ready with reasons why I shouldn't do
Whatever it is
Whoever might want.

THE BEADS

As I dutifully hurried
In a dusk that had been cruel to me
I saw several people on 33rd Street
Hunting along the curb, bending and dodging among taxies
To pick up some shining scattered molecules.

There was an unhappy woman
Trying to retrieve her broken necklace
Of amber crystal beads.
Friendly passers played Hansel and Gretel,
But many were lost in the dusk.
She was not young or beautiful or wealthy,
And it troubled my heart to hear her say, poor dear,
"Oh, they had so much admiration today
I felt certain that before I got home
Something would happen to them."

And I, too, in the traffic of my wits
Had been trying to gather the scattered crystals
Of a chain of shining thoughts.

CAVE CANEM

Taking my evening stroll
I cautiously keep to the woodland alley
Turning back before reaching the neighbors' houses
To avoid startling any of the dogs.
It might be well, I ponder,
If one could do thus in the mind also,
Warily retracing one's thoughts
Before arousing the outcry
Of some indignant hound.

MEDITATION ON THE HEARTH

A householder who has once
Had a fire in the chimney
Will perhaps be careful
Before he again puts a match
To a bundle of excelsior.

VIGILIÆ ALBÆ

Now I am silent and my name is Tacitus.
But in this douce brightness
I have to pause now and then
Putting the moon behind the pine tre
To give myself respite
From her cruel and insinuating lustre.
Oh moon, scratch-pad of poets,
More meant against than meaning!

QUATRAIN OMITTED BY A MANCHU PESSIMIST

Earth's maniac foison nothing cares
To heed your pretty rhymes and sorrows:
See, in the anthill she prepares
Her million billion calm tomorrows.

VARIATIONS ON BUDDHIST SAPPHICS

If it should happen in somebody's office
That you were offered a noggin of cognac
And had to drink it in a cup of cardboard,

You would not dare to degust it leisurely:
You must drink fast, before the vivid essence
Ate through the seam of the chaste little vesicle.

So if we propose, my frolicsome people,
To pour great poetry in the crimped paper
Sterilized lilycups of daily behavior,
Series of neat little days from containers,
Caulk them with paraffin—
Or drink in a hurry.

CAUTION

Nous prendrons des cocktails, n'est-ce-pas?
Said I to the old French waiter.
But he was worried, and said it was impossible
Because we had that too synoptic table
Beside the window and the front door.
Eventually he relented (I knew he would)
And served them in large coffee cups, as usual.
But, surplus of discretion, he brought with them
A tiny jug of cream.
When we showed ourselves disposed to linger
He murmured anxiously:
Il faut boire tout de suite.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Persia

THE NEW PERSIA. By VINCENT SHEEAN. New York: The Century Co. 1927. $2.50.

PASSENGER TO TEHERAN. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by MARY FLEMING LABAREE

MR. SHEEAN devotes his opening chapters to an account of Reza Shah and the conjunction of situations, events, and abilities which rocketed him to the throne of Jamshid, Darius, Abbas the Great, Nadir the Conqueror, and Ahmad of Paris and Deauville. It behooves us to meet an Imperial Majesty, who in something like six years ran the gamut of increasing power from non-commissioned officer through Commander-in-Chief, Minister of War, Prime Minister, Dictator to King of Kings! The coronation ceremonies are accurately described from the words of eye-witnesses; but like Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, vicissitudes of the road delayed the author's arrival until Reza Shah had already placed upon his head the brand-new Pahlavi crown.

An excellent statement of the work of the American Financial Administration is singularly apropos just now, owing to the recent dispatch announcing a German appointee in succession to the efficient Dr. Millspaugh. An impartial review of Russo-British policy and diplomacy in Persia recapitulates the interplay of three sets of political and commercial interests which have already furnished startling chapters in *Weltpolitik* and may yet furnish chapters of even greater unexpectedness. There does not lack praise of the amenities of Persian social life, nor are education, agriculture, transportation, and the woman question forgotten.

Luckily, Mr. Sheean appreciates the beauty of Persian gardens. A thousand pities that Persian poets mean nothing to him but so many bores. Evidently he has never heard intoned lines of Firdousi and Hafiz in their original loveliness!

Persia's place in the sun is shrunken, today. What of tomorrow? Must we ask the policy-makers of the U. S. S. R. and the B. E.?

Violet Sackville-West, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson, Hawthornden poetry prize winner, novelist, and non-fictionist, in "Passenger to Teheran," gives us the vivid tale of a Persian journey. Not the least readable pages are to be found in the Introductory, an informal essay on travel the most private of pleasures, which leads to bons mots on the inadequacies of language and the spiritual essentials of a true traveler.

Brilliant sketches of Egypt are succeeded by glimpses of Aden, the Indian Ocean, Bombay, Karachi, the Gulf, and Baghdad, where she was houseguest of that great Englishwoman Gertrude Bell, and in her company drank tea with King Feisal. Khanaquin, the Persian frontier, Kermanshah, Hamadan! Lumbering wagons, donkeys, camels, and their human comrades! Snow plains, passes, peaks, and Teheran the goal of much journeying! Then the look and feel of the capital, its native dwellers and foreign sojourners, the cone of Demavend, and spring—spring flowering on sculptured hills and in deserted gardens!

We would not miss a dash to Isfahan, beloved of Shah Abbas, the search for a lodging in Kum, three charming miniatures of Seyed the tobacconist, a swift return to Teheran for the coronation, in some of the preparations for which Lady Loraine and Mrs. Nicolson had a share. The actual crowning and coronation gaieties are viewed and evaluated.

But, alas, the span of months alloted to Persia was complete. The austere color-stained Persian plateau has been exchanged for lush Gilan, the Caspian, Baku, a new Russia, Poland in revolution, Berlin,—London.

We have not even the shadow of a quarrel to pick with Mrs. Nicolson. Her capacity for perceiving and enjoying is more than ordinary; generously she shares with us her most private of pleasures.

Anderson, the Writer

SHERWOOD ANDERSON. By CLEVELAND B. CHASE. (Modern American Writers Series.) New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by JOHAN SMERTENKO

IN a critical biography one hopes to find spirited enthusiasm balanced by intelligent appreciation of failings as well as virtues; one expects pervasive sympathy accompanied by intellectual integrity; and one absolutely demands thorough comprehension. Mr. Chase's book shows little of these qualities and is flagrantly lacking in the most essential of them. In fact, as one reads this study of Sherwood Anderson the wonder grows as to what could have possibly prompted Mr. Chase to undertake so painful a task as this work seems to have been for him.

Just as consciously, it seems to me, Mr. Chase seeks to extricate himself from this dilemma by plunging into a series of contradictions which serve to conceal his position and to confuse the reader. Within the brief space of eighty-four small pages he reiterates at least thirty times the same vague praise and the same scornful strictures, hoping perhaps to attain by repetition the conviction inherent in a straight-forward statement, but achieving merely a tiresome redundancy.

To quote this book is to disclose its self-contradictory assertions. Thus on page 15:

> Anderson isn't an artist in the strict meaning of that word. He is a pleasant and engaging human being, a conscientious craftsman, an expert in the technique of writing, a skilful story teller and not a bad psychologist, but he lacks the inner hardness and determination necessary for the production of what is loosely known as art.

But we soon learn that the "conscientious craftsman" "is seldom an economical writer. He surrounds his few facts with soft and protective word-blankets." We find that the "expert in the technique of writing" has his difficulties; "He can put words together so well that he can say nothing for pages on end and still entice on even a reluctant reader; there comes, of course, an aftermath of resentment at being thus deluded. . . ." We are told early of the "skilful story teller" that "his works start strongly and gradually peter out. The same thing happens in each of his novels and in most of his short stories." Though he is "not a bad psychologist," "it is fair to say that one of the chief troubles with Anderson's writing, if indeed it be not the principal one, is his lack of actual knowledge of his characters."

Those who believe with Mr. Chase that Anderson, "in his search for the until recently disguised facts about modern life, and in his statement of human problems . . . stands shoulder to shoulder with the best of his contemporaries the world over," will be surprised to learn that "in this lies Anderson's great tragedy, he lacks the raw material with which to pursue his craft." The partisans of Mr. Anderson's early work will learn to their dismay that the last two-thirds of "Windy McPherson's Son" "is so bad that the only excuse for dealing with it is Anderson's present reputation as a writer. It is sentimental romanticism of a kind the popular magazines and the movies are full of." They are informed that "Marching Men" proves Anderson "neither a sociologist nor a philosopher . . . this book too is rather confused and inconclusive." They will read the—shall we say—slightly etiological and precious explanation that "Winesburg, Ohio" is bad because "Anderson has lost immeasurably in convincingness by the necessity he has felt himself under to dramatize these stories so highly; he makes his points, but he has to do it by the sledge-hammer method." And so with the other short stories; and so with the later novels; and so with the biographical books and essays and poetry; and so *ad nauseam*.

Aside from the unsympathetic treatment of Anderson the book abounds in arbitrary statements like "Sinclair Lewis has . . . . monotonously described the movements and actions of some of our compatriots; he has said nothing pertinent or valid about the people themselves. Dreiser has labored and out of the mountains of his humorless journalism has come forth a mouse." "Before these writers (of the last two decades) appeared it was mere quibbling to attempt to differentiate between English and American literature."

One wonders why Mr. Chase wrote this book, and one man's guess is as good as another's. Mine is that the author had, in his favorite phrase, "the inner hardness and determination" to do it.

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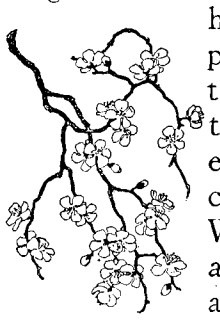

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A Letter From France

By Abel Chevalley

SOME heartrending documents have been unearthed in connection with the French Revolution Exhibit, to be held this month at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Those under sentence of death in the prisons of 1793 had very little time to send a supreme message to their family. Their last letters were poignantly brief. Here is the short note which Princess Grimaldi-Monaco hastily scribbled on the morning of Thermidor 9th before getting into the last cartful that went to the guillotine before Robespierre himself was beheaded. It is addressed to her faithful servant. The annals of the Monaco family cannot contain anything more laconically pathetic.

"Here, Francis, is the beginning of a pattern; give it to the younger Grimaldi when you see him; it is made of my daughter's hair and my own; this gift will be dear to him, it is the last; tomorrow I shall be no more."

A few hours before, Robespierre and his friends had been arrested, and they were beheaded the following day. All orders for execution were then suspended. The Terror was at its end. But the official notice of reprieve did not reach Princess Grimaldi's jail until after she had been taken away.

The pearl of the Bibliothèque Nationale Exhibition is probably the following letter, unpublished and unknown, so far as it can be ascertained. I have been able to secure a copy of it for the benefit of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Pinel was a celebrated doctor of the time, one of the founders of modern psychiatry. His work as an alienist had already made him celebrated. But, however rich and renowned, he was not and could not safely be exempted from his duty as "national guard" in the revolutionary and military "section" of his quarter. His section was in attendance at the foot of the guillotine on the morning of January 21st, 1793. He was in the first rank. Louis XVI. was guillotined on that day. Pinel's probity and scientific training made him an ideal eye-witness of public events. He wrote the same evening to his brother who had remained concealed in their native province of Quercy (Tarn department). His relation of the King's death is of the highest historical value. His commentaries are hardly less illuminating. Here is the letter:

I have no doubt that the death of the king will be variantly reported in accordance with the differing points of view of its chroniclers, and that the great event will be so handled by the press and popular account as to distort the truth. Since I am here at the scene of the tragedy, and since, though I am averse on principle to all alignment with a faction I am well aware of the small value that can be attached to what is termed *aura popularis*, I shall recount to you faithfully what has taken place. It was with the greatest regret that I was present at the execution (I was under arms with the rest of the citizens of my section), and even now as I write my heart is plunged in sorrow and I am laboring under the stupor of a profound consternation.

Louis, who in consonance with his religious principles, appeared to be entirely resigned to his death, started out from his prison at the Temple at about nine o'clock in the morning, and was conducted to the place of his agony in the carriage of the mayor. The shades of the coach were drawn, and with him rode his confessor and two gendarmes. When he came to the scaffold he regarded it with firmness. Without delay the executioner proceeded to the customary ceremony of cutting the prisoner's hair which he put in his pocket as it fell from the shears. Immediately thereafter Louis ascended the scaffold; the rolling of the many drums which boomed out, apparently having being brought to prevent the populace from asking for clemency, was interrupted for a moment by a gesture which the King himself made as if to signify that he wished to speak to the assembled throngs; but at another signal made by the adjutant to the General of the National Guard the drums resumed their rolling, drowning out the voice of the King, so that all that could be heard was a confused murmur, "I forgive my enemies, etc." At the same moment he took several paces around the fatal plank where he had stood rooted as if involuntarily or rather as though bound by the horror natural to a man who sees his last moment approaching, or perhaps in the hope that the people would demand his pardon, for where is the man who does not hope till the last instant? The adjutant to the General gave the order to the executioner to perform his duty; in a moment Louis was fastened to the plank of the guillotine and his head was severed from his body before he had had time to suffer—one advantage, at least, that must be credited to this engine of destruction which bears the name of the physician who invented it. The executioner drew out the head from the sack into which it had fallen and held it up to the gaze of the populace.

The instant the execution was over, a sudden change was noticeable in the countenances of the spectators. From a somber consternation they passed to cries of "Long live the country," and especially was this true of those of the cavalry who were present and who placed their helmets on the ends of their bayonets. Some of the citizens shared in this change of attitude, but a great number withdrew, plunged in grief, to give vent to their tears in the bosoms of their families. The execution naturally could not take place without the spilling of blood, and many of the witnesses hastened to dip the ends of their handkerchiefs into the blood that had flowed on the guillotine, others used scraps of paper or anything else that came to hand in order to secure this souvenir of a memorable occasion. The body was taken to the church of St. Marguerite after the officers of the municipality, the department, and the criminal tribunal had prepared their report. Louis's son, the former Dauphin, with a naïveté that was most engaging, in his last interview with his father, implored to be allowed to accompany him to beg the people for mercy.

It would be easy for me to expatiate upon the sentence pronounced by the National Assembly and to attempt to show to what extent prejudice and hatred had broken loose. Certainly I am far from being a Royalist, and no one can boast a more sincere devotion to his country than I do, but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that the National Convention assumed a most formidable responsibility, and further, that it exceeded its powers. In all regular governments the legislative, judicial, and executive powers are essentially distinct, or there would reign the most frightful tyranny, for if the body which has the power to make the laws has also the right to apply them according to its caprice, and to put them into execution, is there a citizen whose safety and property would not be menaced? The legislative body had without doubt the right to create a tribunal or a commission for the trial of the former king accused of having favored the entry of foreign troops into France; still he ought not to have been sentenced except in accordance with the laws of the Constitution which provide in two cases for the removal of the sovereign. Granted that an extraordinary Commission had been created; even then its members should have been named by the ministers or by the provisional executive council. A trial jury and a jury of impeachment ought to have been formed and all the formalities of the Penal Code should have been rigorously observed. Then the National Convention would have been secure, and would not have put itself in the position of having to repent too late a terrible infraction of the eternal laws of justice. In the case of the trial of the English king, Charles I., you well know that the English Parliament protected itself carefully against the onus of his condemnation and had recourse to the formation of a tribunal. These are principles which the slightest knowledge of politics would show to be sensible. The National Convention ignored all regulations, and there followed the revolting spectacle of a D'Orl . . . . voting against his own relative, and of a crowd of madmen, preaching everlastingly slaughter and envenomed hatred against King Louis. . . .

You know that in the opening period of the revolution I had political ambitions, but my life and that of my associates, though we demanded nothing but justice and the good of the people, were so much endangered, and I conceived so profound a horror of clubs and popular assemblies, that since that time I have had nothing to do with public office except as it bore upon my profession as physician. Someone has told me that you failed of election to the National Assembly. Ah, how you ought to congratulate yourself on being far from that frightful whirlpool that threatens to engulf everything that comes near it. In my capacity of physician and philosopher, wont to meditate upon ancient and modern governments, and upon the nature of man, I foresee nothing but anarchy, factions, and war disastrous even to the victors, and certainly I am thoroughly acquainted with this

(*Continued on next page*)

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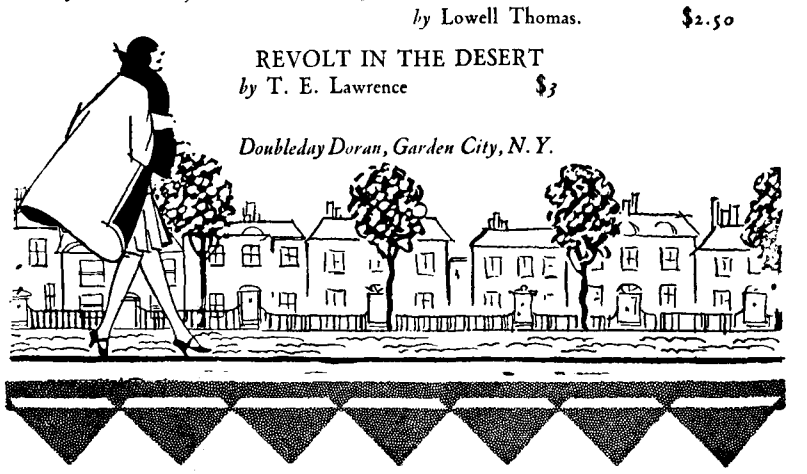

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Competition No. 20. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Macaronic Sonnet. Line references should be given at the foot of the MS. (Entries should reach the SATURDAY REVIEW office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of March 5th.)

Competition No. 21. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best rendering of "Mary had a little lamb" into not less than ten lines of Miltonic blank verse. (Entries should reach the SATURDAY REVIEW office not later than the morning of March 12th.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE SEVENTEENTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best "Thoughts on Reading of the death of Thomas Hardy."

PRIZE NOT AWARDED

THERE were fifty entries or more, but not one that seemed to me worthy of the prize. The best were by Arjeh, Parker Tyler, R. E. Wade, and Marie Teddar. Most of the competitors wrote argumentatively, attempting either to justify or to excuse Hardy's philosophy; or they rehashed the biographical-critical details that filled the newspapers a few weeks ago. Only two or three attempted anything in the nature of a personal meditation. I had hoped for an essay in which the poet's death would be used merely as a point of departure, something less concerned with his actual work than with the national tradition that he inherited and fulfilled. But metaphysics, religion, and literary criticism very naturally diverted most competitors from other thoughts. This would have been all to the good if competitors could have wrestled with Hardy's scheme. But there were too many passages, begging the question, like—

Our prayer for Hardy, then—and for all of us hereafter—is that now he no longer sees through a glass darkly, but that his spirit is discovering that what seemed to him Satires of Circumstance are but foam-bubbles upon an ocean of benevolent purpose and that the apparent indifference of the Will at the helm of our world-ship is, in reality, but obedience to laws essentially beneficent.

It was surprising to find this *a priori* attitude in so many entries.

A few of Parker Tyler's thoughts may be printed for what they are worth. He argues that Hardy was only a minor poet in verse rhythms . . .

Some of his poetry is very obvious stuff, not only in sentiment, but in technique, and often he does not put his lines together with ease.

Hardy's excuse, and the name of his greatness, is that he was moved by the elemental force of irony, and moved by it irrespectively of anything so beneath argument as the precise conditions of man's transitory journey upon earth. That is by no means a common thing, and it is why, coupled with a gift of imagination, Hardy is great. But the fact is that Hardy often failed to apply the commonest rules of human behavior to his persons; he preferred to illustrate an ironic thesis from a cloth of his own curious manufacture, of which human beings were only a pattern pasted on.

Hardy owned a cosmic naïveté; he is the true intellectual Child, immensely solemn, strayed out of the Kingdom of Heaven—so was Blake, but Blake chose a metaphysical realm of expression, and had a real gift for assuming an unearthly voice; while Hardy's voice is oblique, lamentably like that of a ghost's coming from behind the tattered painted scenery of a third-rate stock company.

There are some who regard Hardy with terrified awe. He is too big for them. They do not quite comprehend him—while they realize that something of moment is there. I have read wonderful things of Hardy, as wonderful as I have read of Conrad; but the results are almost entirely opposite in their logical effects; I am absolutely immune to Hardy, rapturously susceptible to almost everything of Conrad's.

An adequate signification of Hardy's greatness, I believe, is that he, above all, would disapprove of extravagant praise—that is, of as much as a headstone to honor him.

The comparison with Conrad is interesting. I have often wondered why it is that stories like "Freya of the Seven Isles" and "The End of the Tether," though no less tragic than the most tragic of Hardy's stories, nevertheless leave behind a totally different feeling. Does one, after reading "Jude" or "Tess," say "Nothing is here for tears, no weakness, no contempt. . . ."? Conrad sustains the balance of pleasure more often than Hardy. But Parker Tyler, like Marie Tedder, does Hardy something less than justice. Arjeh, approaching his author with fewer reservations than these other competitors, mused pleasantly, but not very effectively. Other less casual thinkers were Phœbe Scribble and Lois K. Pelton. But nobody had anything original to say and, for the first time since these competitions began, there was a lack of quotable paragraphs. Let me make an end with Phœbe Scribble's remarks on the Nobel Prize. "The absence of Mr. Hardy's name from the list of winners is now past remedy. There is some bitter satisfaction in the thought that, not his fame, but the illustriousness of the award will be a little impaired by the omission."

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with these rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e. g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

A Letter from France

(*Continued from preceding page*)

country and the true worth of those many pygmies who are making such a clamor. Farewell. I deem you happy to be in the country and not where your spirit must be filled with bitterness at the sight of factions and sordid intrigues and the darkest and most gloomy forebodings. Good-bye.

Give my love to my father, my brother, my sister, etc. My wife, who is well, joins me in sending greetings.

PINEL.

A deputy was assassinated yesterday for having voted for the death of the King."

Another pathetic letter is the lyrical outburst of love contained in a letter from Camille Desmoulins, then a boy, to a girl (was it Lucile?) after their first meeting. Nearly all the first revolutionary leaders, Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins, were ardent lovers and born poets. Only the second wave (Robespierre, Marat, St. Just) were born "incorruptible."

Now, last, but not least, a letter from no less a person than Robespierre to no less a leader than Danton condoling with him on the loss of his first wife.

"My dear Danton,

If, in the only sorrow that can overwhelm a spirit like yours, the knowledge that you have the devotion and tender sympathy of a friend affords you any consolation, I offer you mine. I love you more than ever and until death. At this moment I am one with you. Do not shut your heart to the voice of a friendship which shares all your grief. Let us weep together for our friends and let us before long demonstrate the effects of our sorrow to the tyrants who are the cause of our public ills and private woes. My friend, I have written these words that spring from my heart to you from Belgium. I should already have come to see you except that I respected the first moments of your great affliction.

Your friend,

ROBESPIERRE."

Some time later, "ton ami Robespierre" was sending his friend Danton to the guillotine. All these documents and others will be published in an illuminating article of the *Mercure de France* on the Spirit of the Revolution, by M. Arnaud Dandieu, one of the librarians of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Second Series. Vol. 3. 1879-1885. Edited by *George Earle Buckle.* Longmans, Green. $9.

BY THE CLOCK OF ST. JAMES. By *Percy Armytage.* Dutton. $5.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS. By *James A. Williamson.* Oxford University Press. $7.

THE FALL OF BUFFALO HORN. By *Frank C. Robertson.* Appleton. $1.75.

MEN ARE LIKE THAT. By *Leonard Ramsden Hartill.* Bobbs-Merrill.

MAY ALCOTT. By *Caroline Tichnor.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

FREMONT. By *Allan Nevins.* Harpers. 2 vols. $10.

A MAN OF LEARNING. By *Nelson Antrim Crawford.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING. By *Aimee Semple McPherson.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

REPUTATIONS TEN YEARS AFTER. By *Captain B. H. Liddell Hart.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

MY LIFE TRANSFORMED. By *Helen Hickman.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON. By *W. Harrison Ainsworth.* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. By *Lord Houghton* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

SINCE I WAS TWENTY-FIVE. By *Frank Rutters.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. GRAHAM AND THE CATHCART CIRCLE. By *K. E. Maxtone Graham.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE CHRONICLES OF A CONTENTED MAN. By *O. J. Laylander.* Chicago: Krock. $2 net.

Drama

THE BELT. By PAUL SIFTON. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

"The Belt" is one of the repertoire plays of the New Playwrights' Theatre, in which John Howard Lawson, Michael Gold, and John Dos Passos are vitally interested. It arraigns American standardization and the cult of Efficiency. It narrates a spirited revolt against the turning of men into robots. It was first presented on the stage last October.

Even a casual reading of this play in book form reveals its power. It is entirely in the language of the common people, harsh and tense and roughly colloquial. It stages the conflict of men against machinery, and is packed with raw drama. We never saw it in performance, but it has such direct drive in the reading that we think the performance must have been striking. The lingo of the workmen is actual, the rapid-fire snarling dialogue convinces. This is a revolutionary play, cut out of crude real life, but it is a comment worth listening to upon contemporary industrial tendencies.

Fiction

OUT OF THE RUINS: AND OTHER LITTLE NOVELS. By PHILIP GIBBS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50

In the first place, these nine stories are not "little novels." Such a designation is absurd. They are merely desultory narratives, unsubtle and somewhat anemic. They are not strong enough to provoke any sharp emotional response in the reader. Sir Philip has, we believe, given many of the episodes a post-War setting in the hope that the whole would pass for a serious comment upon Europe of the early 1920's. Of course much of the background is definitely derived from his journalistic experiences, and is by so much unquestionably authentic. However, only two of the stories, "The Supernatural Lady" and "The School of Courage," hold the readers attention; the success of these is due to their essentially dramatic subject matter rather than to Sir Philip's skill in the development of either character or incident. As a whole, "Out of the Ruins" is mediocre work, long-winded and slightly pretentious.

CROOKED. By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

Mr. Foster has tried to show the growth in a woman's soul from mere rancor at her poverty to depths of callousness and crime. Bertha Maddox is tired of a four-room flat, tired of home-made dresses, of being a "clerk's wife." Her husband, Charles Maddox, is an easy-going, honest sort of fellow, who has been a clerk in a real estate firm for some five years, and seems good to stay there for another five, without any visible improvement in this position. Bertha, though she "loves him," goads him on and on in her craze for money, until he abandons his ideals, and becomes "crooked." The entire story does not cover more than a year, yet in that time Mr. Foster changes Bertha from a loving wife into a money-grubbing monster. And frankly, the change is not credible. Bertha starts out by being a human and natural person—she ends an entirely impossible image.

And Charlie the long-suffering, the all-enduring, is a lay figure tossed about by Bertha's desires, until at last he revolts. His first and only moment of independence or reality, he is tossed into another woman's arms, there to remain, we presume, happily ever after.

The book was written rather hastily, it would appear, for the characterization is incomplete, the style jerky, and the conversation somewhat impossible. It is a story with a good, though not novel idea behind it, which has been hastily and poorly worked out.

THREE SILENCES. By CATHERINE DODD. Doran. 1927. $2.50

From the title one might suspect "The Three Silences" of dealing with the esoteric practices of Yogi mysticism. Such a suspicion would be unjust since these particular Silences are ladies, although they are not above a bit of witchcraft now and then if it be in a good cause. The first Silence, the white witch, was publicly whipped and made to walk round the town in her shift in seventeenth century England. With a young husband of the Cromwellian army she migrated to the Isle of Man and established the House of Quaife. The second Silence lives in the latter half of the eighteenth century but appears in the book only as an aunt of the third and most important Silence: the Silence whose life extends over almost the whole of the chameleon nineteenth century. This Silence Quaife is born on the Isle of Man and grows up amid its superstitions. Finding "Ye Booke of Silence Cass," she acquaints herself with its alchemic secrets and manufactures charms and amulets for the islanders. Later, in England, she continues her healing by means of charms and an ointment learned from her magic book. This proves so efficacious that she builds a factory and, with immense success, produces the ointment as a patent medicine. Catherine Dodd gives minute descriptions of the customs of each of the periods discussed, and "Three Silences" will appeal to those enough interested in legendry and quaint settings to overlook a highly stilted story.

SAGUSTO. By CECIL ROBERTS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Here is a story of moonlit Venice, luxurious yachting, and high intrigue, and for those who like their action unhampered by any literary efforts or philosophical musings, "Sagusto" should prove an interesting tale.

It is the story of a young Englishman, who accepts a dinner invitation from a woman he barely knows, and once aboard her yacht, finds himself kidnapped. The why, the wherefore, and the results of this abduction comprise the rest of the story, which takes place on an island in the Adriatic. The island "Sagusto" proves more exciting than the rather wooden puppets who run about on it, doing reckless things only because the puppet master tells them to, and without any visible will or motive in themselves. The island is a fairy-tale land, with a sinister under-current beneath its medieval tranquillity, and a temptation to the author that Mr. Roberts has rather too successfully withstood.

The action passes quickly—almost disconcertingly so—to a too circumstantial ending that finishes a fairly good story and a well-created atmosphere.

YVETTE AND OTHER STORIES. By *Guy de Maupassant.* Brentanos. $2.50 .

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. By *James Stephens.* Macmillan.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By *Theodor Dostoievsky* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 2 vols. 80 cents each.

HIGH GROUND. By *Jonathan Brooks.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

History

A HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (QUAKERS) IN CANADA. By *Arthur Garratt Dorland.* Macmillan.

A SURVEY OF THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE OF ENGLAND AND WALES. By *A. M. Carr-Saunders* and *D. Caradog Jones.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE HISTORY OF THE REGICIDES IN NEW ENGLAND. By *Lemuel A. Welles.* New York: Grafton Press.

THE HUGUENOTS OF COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA. By *Arthur H. Hirsch.* Duke University Press. $5.

THE JESUITS IN MODERN TIMES. By *John La Farge.* American Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York.

THE WINNING OF FREEDOM. By *William Wood* and *Ralph Henry Gabriel.* (The Pageant of America Series). Yale University Press.

THE MARCH OF COMMERCE. By *Malcolm Keis.* (The Pageant of America Series). Yale University Press.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

(Continued on next page)

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In The Saturday Review for January 28th,
E. W. East of Harvard University comments at length on

The Human Habitat

by Ellsworth Huntington

The following is a brief quotation from this interesting review:

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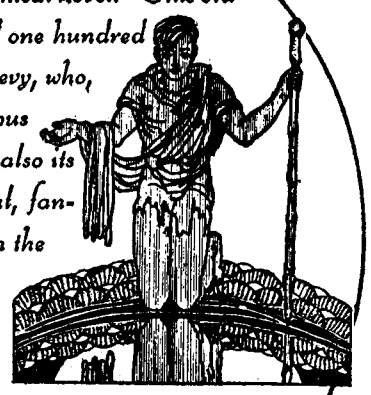

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Miscellaneous

THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS. By GERHARD HEILMANN. Appleton. 1927. $7.50.

For many years zoologists have known that the fowls of the air were descended from and most closely related to reptiles. The researches of Marsh, Cope, Gadow, and a host of others had established that beyond a doubt, but the detailed reasons for this conclusion were not available to many. The task of assembling the data, scattered throughout the literature of many countries, was possible only for the specialist.

Professor Heilmann is to be congratulated on presenting this data in easy conversational style in a volume of convenient octavo size. The two hundred-odd pages teem with information, hitherto known and accepted generally, but now offered in a way that will strongly appeal to scientist and layman alike. The profuse illustrations from the author's pen and brush serve to elucidate the complicated problems concerned with the evolution of birds.

The first part of the book gives a detailed description of the most important types of fossil birds. The famous Archæopteryx, known from two specimens found in the lithographic limestone of Bavaria, is minutely dissected, as it were, and laid before the reader. A notable feature is the reconstruction of the skeletons by the author which lends to these fossils a realism not previously attained. The second part deals with the ontogeny of birds and reptiles,—evidence gathered through an examination of their embryology and early growth. In the third part, a heterogeneous assemblage of useful information, we are treated to such interesting subjects as wing feathering of the Hoatzin, archaic pheasant-like bird of the Guiana forests, organs of sense and sexual organs, the beaks of birds and the scutes of reptiles. Here the author leaves the fossil record and compares living birds with living lizards, and ontogenetic comparison that cannot be as well established as his previous treatment of the problem. In no case, however, does he transgress the bounds of possibility or even probability, for that matter.

The fourth and last section is devoted to what might properly be termed the "missing link" of birds. Professor Heilmann's "Proavian" is intermediate between the group of reptiles known as Pseudosuchians and Archæopteryx. Among other achievements, the tetrapteryx theory advanced by William Beebe as the starting point of flight in birds, is given its final *coup de grace.*

The two colored plates, of Archæopteryx and Hesperornis, are well executed, although a note should have been introduced to the effect that the colors of the birds, at least, are not based on any evidence, although the artist's guess is as good as any other. The "Origin of Birds" will undoubtedly take its place in the libraries of bird lovers and students of vertebrate evolution in its more detailed aspects.

MANAGEMENT OF PERSONAL INCOME. By *L. J. Chassie.* Shaw.

THE TREASURY. By *Sir Thomas L. Krall.* Putnam. $2.55.

THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES. By *Sir Francis Floud.* Putnam. $2.50.

THE ART OF SUCCESSFUL BIDDING. By *George Reith.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE LOUVRE. By *Florence Heywood.* McBride. $2.50 net.

THE A. B. C. OF PLASTERING. By *A. H. Telling.* Oxford University Press. $2.85.

SHIP MODEL MAKING. By *Captain E. Armitage.* Vol. III. McCann-Henley.

THE STORY OF THE SUN. By *Frank M. O'Brien.* Appleton. $2.50.

LIST OF BOOKS ON FURNITURE. Grand Rapids, Mich.: Public Library.

PLANT HUNTING. By *Ernest H. Wilson.* Stratford. 2 Vols. $15.

THE TRIAL OF ADELAIDE BARTLETT. Edited by *Sir John Hall.* Day.

SCHERMERHORN'S STORIES. By *James Schermerhorn.* Sully. $2 net.

COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE. By *Joe Hayman.* Sully. $1 net.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. By *Ralph C. Epstein.* $4.

WINDOW DISPLAY ADVERTISING. By *Carl Percy.* Day. $3.50.

PRIMER OF PROMOTION. By *Howard W. Dickinson.* Day. $1.25 net.

THE SHIP UNDER STEAM. By *C. Gibbard Jackson.* Scribners. $3.50.

SANTAL FOLK TALES. Edited by *P. O. Bodding.* Vol. II. Oslo: Aschehoug. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Travel

TRAVELS IN NORTH AFRICA. By *Nahum Slouschz.* Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.

THE RUSSIAN LAND. By *Albert Rhys Williams.* New Republic.

THE BLACK JOURNEY. By *Georges-Marie Haardt* and *Louis Audouin-Dufreuil.* Cosmopolitan. $4.

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Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

S. A. S., Port Chester, N. Y., makes me once more break the brittle rule that no quotations are searched in this department. For who could resist one who asks if there is a poem written "To Anthea," which she is sure she has seen, but for which she has vainly searched her anthologies? Althea she knows, Lovelace's lady, but for Anthea, only the heroine of Jeffery Farnol's "The Money Moon." Look in the poems of Robert Herrick, and find there "To Anthea, Who may Command him Anything." You may find it also in "The Home Book of Verse," but why lose the chance of all else to be found in "Poetical Works, Robert Herrick, 1591-1674," Oxford Standard Authors, obtainable for one-fifty? I wonder what has become of the illustrations made by Abbey and appearing in *Harper's Magazine* years ago, not regularly, but so strewn as to keep a child on the alert for another? These were published in book-form later, but that's all I know about them. Speaking of older Harper books, M. F. P., Hollins, Va., tells D. D., Rochester, Minn., that a good and entertaining book on Sicily is William Agnew Paton's "Picturesque Sicily" (Harper, 1897), which she thinks may be out of print. It is, however, still on Harper's active list; fortunately, for there are not so very many books about this part of the world.

R. M. S., Ohio, is looking for a "complete bibliography of the works of the English writers, including the lesser writers, from the earliest times to the present. A small bibliographical or critical sketch of each writer would not be objectionable, although I am interested primarily in a complete list of the writings."

LOOKING for it? All I can say is that I hope he finds it. But where would he put it? Regarding the towering bulk of the United States Catalogue, listing the works of lesser writers and some not so less, published in this country since 1912; casting a baleful eye on the Publisher's Trade List Annual for the current year, the "Green Pig" for whose comfortable consultation no devices can be made—though I did know one addict who kept his on a second-hand *prie-dieu*—looking down the line of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" which I have lately bought because I could not run to the library as often as I needed it— indulging, I say, in these exercises, I return to this problem and give it up. I do not deal in bibliographies anyway, but in brief suggestions from one reader to others. What would a proper librarian do, confronted by such a responsibility as this?

SUGGESTIONS for the equipment of a library of unwritten books continue to be offered to the inquirer who is covering a library door with book-backs. H. K. L., Providence, R. I., reminds us that the Duke of Devonshire, desiring to cover such a door at the library at Chatsworth, requested Thomas Hood to provide fake titles. His list includes the following—I remember it in the battered copy of "Hood's Whims and Oddities" given to me in my childhood by Halkett Lord of London, and one of the joys of my young days—

Lamb on the Death of Wolfe. McAdam's Views in Rhodes. Plurality of Livings with regard to the Common Cat. Boyle on Steam. Blaine on Equestrian Burglary: or, the Breaking-in of Horses. Chronological Account of the Date Tree. John Knox on Death's Door. Designs for Friezes. By Capt. Parry. Koszciusko on the Right of the Poles to Stick up for Themselves. Peel on Bell's System. Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 3 Vols. Elegy on a Black Cock Shot amongst the Moors. By W. Wilberforce. Johnson's Contradictionary. Life of John Ketch, with Cuts of his Own Execution. Barrow on the Common Weal. Campaigns of the British Arm. By one of the German Leg. Cursory Remarks on Swearing. Shelley's Conchologist. Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair. The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron. The Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue. Hoyle on the Game Laws.

Can any little boy or girl present give me the point of the joke in No. 8? Yet Captain Parry was once known enough for American cats to be named after him: notice the cat in "The Wide, Wide World." Even No. 2 may be somewhat cryptic, in these times of Tarvia.

An anonymous list provides the following, from a reader who says that this idea so fascinates him that he keeps thinking up new ones:

The Book of Jasher (Referred to in Joshua X, 12, 13, as the authority for the stoppage of the sun and the moon). The Book of the Wars of Jehovah. (Referred to in Numbers XXI, 14.) The Scented Garden, by Sir Richard Burton (Burnt by Lady Burton after his death because she considered it improper). Æschylus (Of the ninety plays, eighty-three have been lost, among them Prometheus, the Firebringer, and Prometheus Unbound). Euripides (Wrote ninety-two plays of which eighty-five are lost, among them Andromeda, a love story; Palamedes, a story of adventure; Œdipus, a tragedy). Sophocles (Wrote more than one hundred dramas; only seven remain). The Muses (A comic play by Phrynichus). Anthology of Pagan Ballads (Collected by Charlemagne). This was burned by the monks after his death. This is mentioned in Briffault's "The Mothers." Hinield (A pagan saga of the Middle Ages).

Another anonymous contributor says, "Add to your unpublished books these by Dr. Watson, the Boswell of Sherlock Holmes":

"The Adventure of the Tired Captain," "The Trepoff Murder," "The Affair of the Amateur Mendicant Society," "The Camberwell Poisoning Case," "Ricoletti of the Club Feet and his Abominable Wife," "Vanderbilt and the Yeggman," "The Two Coptic Patriarchs," and "The Case of Isadoro Persano."

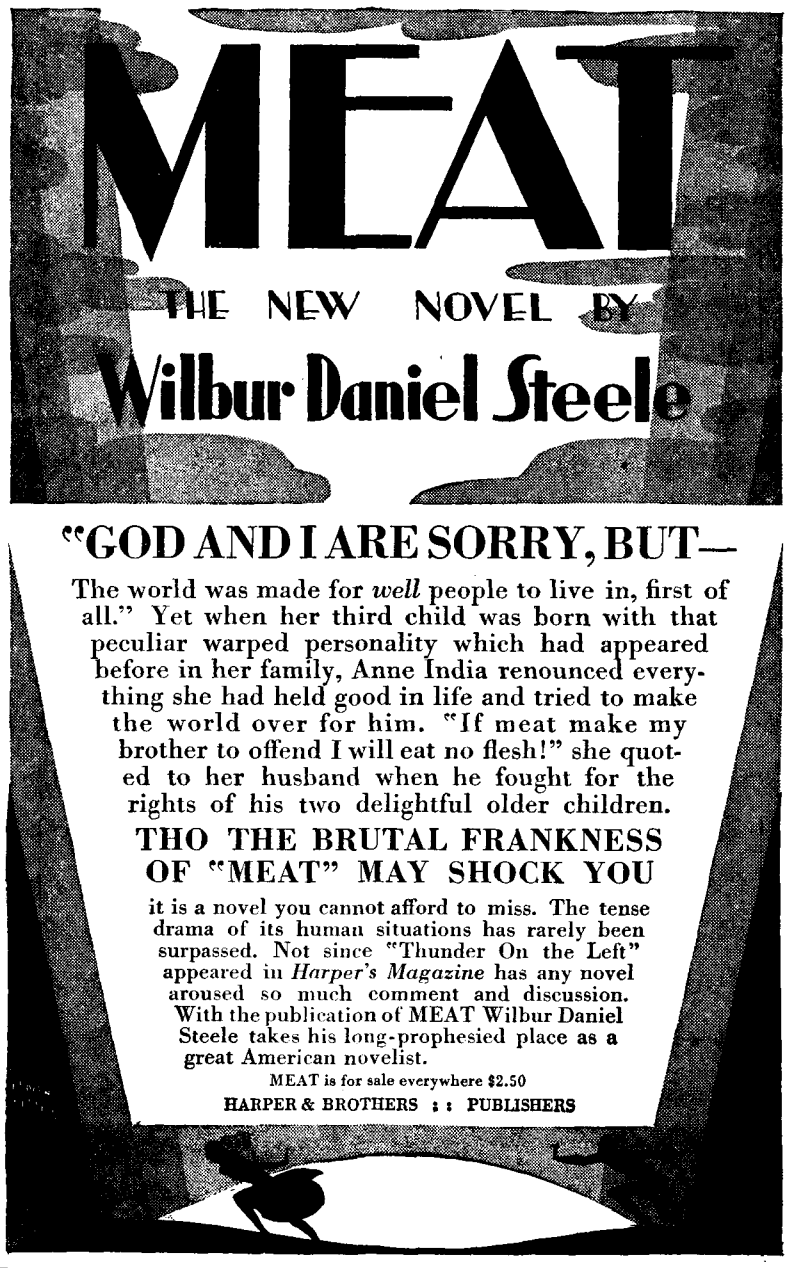
E. H., Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says that though my memory and instinct naturally caused me to turn to Mr. James Branch Cabell, he wonders if I had lately looked into his "Beyond Life," for in the first chapter, near the beginning, are listed a good many things found in the library of John Charteris. Upon rushing to my bookshelves along whose cliffs I leap like a Harlem ibex, I find someone has borrowed "Beyond Life." So I cannot reprint the paragraph. E. H. also says that John Kendrick Bangs's "Cheerful Idiot" refuted arguments by quoting books which had no existence. This opens another line of research. Still another could be used if authors would do what one well-known one has just done in a letter to this department, strictly confidential, and depositing with me the titles of four books "unwritten and likely to remain so as I am getting along in years."

These lists will interest W. H. B., N. Y. City, who asked for a bibliography of "Unwritten Books: projected but never started." He asks also for one of "Unfinished Books," like "Edwin Drood." This has been made with excellent annotations by Earle Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club; I think it was issued by the N. Y. Public Library, which also published his delightful one on "Romans à Clef."

Here come some modern additions, offered by F. L., Ionia, Mich.:—"The works of Sentimental Tommy." The poetry of May Sinclair's hero in 'The Divine Fire.' Mark Sabre's 'England,' from 'If Winter Comes,' might be admitted as a curiosity—an emotional text-book. The Rev. John Clinton Smith's 'History of Kencote' is no doubt a very dry volume, but it would interest lovers of Archibald Marshall's Clinton family."

We are not permitted by Hugh Walpole to forget that his Peter Westcott wrote "Reuben Hallard": the novel is mentioned even in his newest London romance, "Wintersmoon" (Doubleday, Doran), in which R. H. is but an onlooker in the distance. This new story is the history of two "loveless" marriages, one that turned out very well and one that smashed, so that everyone will be pleased. It is a return to the "Duchess of Wrexe" manner, and even brings back some of the people of that circle.

"THE Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke," with an introduction by George E. Woodberry and a biographical note by Margaret Lavington, are published in one volume by Dodd, Mead, who also issue "A Memoir," arranged by Edward Marsh. His "Letters from America," with a preface by Henry James, were published in 1916. There is a critical study by Mary C. Sturgeon in her "Studies of Contemporary Poets" (Dodd, Mead), and one in J. W. Cunliffe's "English Literature during the Last Half-Century" (Macmillan) and in Dixon Scott's "Men of Letters" (Doran).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Points of View

Literature *Per Se*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In Arnold Bennett's delightful little book, "Literary Taste," sent to me as a Christmas gift by a friend (rightly believing I need it), I came upon the following passage: "Now there are two kinds, and only two kinds. These two kinds are not prose and poetry, nor are they divided the one from the other by any differences of form or of subject. They are the inspiring kind and the informing kind. No other genuine division exists in literature. Emerson, I think, first clearly stated it. His terms were the literature of 'power' and the literature of 'knowledge.'"

I have not been unacquainted with the distinction, whether Emerson or DeQuincey first stated it; but it was Mr. Bennett's emphatic restatement which first aroused my suspicion about its incompleteness. Here, for example, is "The Old Wives' Tales." In which of the two categories does it intrinsically belong? Or take "The Midsummer Night's Dream," or "When We Were Very Young."

To my thinking, there is a branch of literature which is neither of the informing kind, nor of the inspiring kind, but of the diverting kind.

Threefold, I submit, must be the division: Literature of Information, Literature of Diversion, and Literature of Inspiration. (I use the term Diversion in its broadest sense, as that mental activity which, parading no "purpose," responds to the demands of Recreation; or, as its root has it Re-creation.)

There is a "third" kind, of that I feel confident, by whatever name we may call it, so long as the designation points to the realm of imagination. To particularize: Literature of Information which embraces History, Sociology, Science. Literature of Diversion, including Poetry, Drama, Romance, and Literature of Inspiration, embracing Religion, Ethics, Philosophy.

Let us try and put this classification to a simple every-day test: Suppose you enter a bookshop to pick up a book for purposes of some definite information—are you going to look among the novels, or plays, or poetry? Hardly. And yet there are imaginative writings,—novels, poems, and plays,—that are heavily interspersed with scientific data like those of H. G. Wells; or that have a palpable historical background like those of Sir Walter Scott or Tolstoy; or that have a pungent infusion of sociology, like those of George Bernard Shaw.

The above listing, be it noted, does not pretend to be exhaustive, but indicative; nor the categories precise, but basic. Specialization is constantly at work to produce new varieties; correlation, a state of commingling. But, while skirting the underlying ultimate identity is always allowable, the principle of differentiation must never be completely overridden.

In another part of the book Mr. Bennett poses the question: "What are the qualities in a book which give lasting pleasure?" "This is a question," he avers, "so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered." And a little further on: "Nobody, not even Hazlitt, nor Sainte-Beuve, has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful." Might I offer a tentative clue? But first a word of qualification. In a strict academic sense and also in a forthright conventional meaning, the kind of literature which I named the Literature of Diversion, is alone specifically literature. This becomes clearer when it is realized that leisure is at the bottom of literature,—alike in the making of it, and in its enjoyment. To apply once more the aforesaid simple test: You ask a clerk in a bookshop for a book to read—what kind will he show you? A novel of the day, first of all. But you tell him that you are a student of Literature. Still the books he will bring out are certain to be books by poets or novelists or playwrights, those known as the classics, or else books on such books; but never books avowedly dealing with scientific subjects or themes of philosophy. The very books in Applied Economics, or on Hygienics, one is expected to specify. What distinguishes pure literature from other kinds of writings is the predominance of manner over matter, style over contents. This is why the essays of Pater or those of Lamb are literature; why "Religio Medici" or Walton's "Angler," and even Santayana's philosophical studies, are literature. And this is also why, on the other hand, so many of the plays and novels nowadays are *not* literature; any more than the graphic newspaper accounts of a divorce proceeding, or a murder trial are literature. In all such writings matter is put over manner. They lack the element of repose, the motive of aspiration; and, hence, the rhythmic quality of expression—style. Flat outspoken writing is not literature. It may comport with science, but not with literature. Realistic writing is indeed simply misapplied scientific writing. While style, thus, is the determining element of literature, it is not its be-all. The airiest poem or short story or playlet is not meant to be an empty vehicle of expression. And this brings us to the answer of Mr. Bennett's query! The beauty and charm of a book consists in its conveying information and inspiration in an indirect, unobtrusive, and urbane manner.

Form is the end in literature, matter the means. The true function of literature is not to equip man for life, nor to instal him above it; but to make man in life more affable, more tolerant, more humane. In brief, literature exists to adorn life, and not to render it more efficient. If literature is the means of life, as Mr. Bennett declares, it is so in an indirect fashion: in that literature is a means of culture, and Culture is Life Beautiful.

GABRIEL WELLS.

New York.

"It Is Better to Tell"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Most of the critics I've read that covered Kathleen Coyle's novel, "It is Better to Tell," found fault with the author's melodramatic title. Your reviewer does not, and I'm grateful to her. These days when the competition is so keen, the matter of titling one's book does give one pause and fret and fuming. A screaming title may sell a book that doesn't scream at all, and without the blast in the title, the book mightn't have much of a chance. Had Kathleen Coyle called her novel "The Mother" or simply "Lydia," I wonder if her sales would have been so good? I doubt it. There's a lot in a name on a book cover.

One wonders why Cosmo Hamilton put "Caste" on his novel, when even yet the old play, "Caste," is revived in stock companies. Perhaps he thought that ancient piece was forgotten, but is it? It's not so many years back that it saw a revival with Elsie Ferguson.

I had the good luck to land eight novels with one publisher in one year. Yes, he brought out the eight in twelve months! But out of that staggering list, which he sells through mail circulars, my best sellers are "The Ex-Nun" and "What Priests Never Tell." They are simply making the presses hum. WHY? Some of my other novels are far better, but don't sell nearly so well.

I'm doing another novel now, and I'm stopping ever and anon to jot down a lurid title that hits my head. I hope to dig up a name that will look like a battlefield with bloody corpses strewn. Do you blame writers for that?

WILL W. WHALEN.

Orrtanna, Pa.

A Burnett Memorial

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In the *Review* of December 31, John Nicholas Beffel's Open Letter in protest of the plan to erect a memorial to Frances Hodgson Burnett—this letter is a tirade against his own mother; like any woman, she tried to keep her child in his sweet babyhood as long as she could; it may be carried too far in the case of a boy but it comes from a feeling of love. The "blight" Mr. Beffel has is a grudge—what is now called a repression; he should see a psychoanalyst and free himself of it.

Mrs. Burnett tried in all her many writings to show forth the one truth of our being—with what kind of word and action one meets one's fellow one receives from him the exact return. If one prefers hate and spite, that is his choice; yet the betterment of mankind is by love; if one cannot understand this, the loss personally is tragic.

By all means let us make a memorial to Frances Hodgson Burnett.

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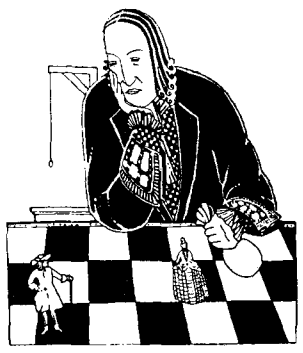

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DURING the past two seasons, the bookshelf has been increasingly a feature of the summer resort souvenir shops. It is no longer a shelf of remaindered novels interspersed with a few best-sellers and the local guide books. Instead there is a definite catering to the growing interest in book buying, by a tempting display of all sorts of out-of-the-ordinary attractive little publications. This market for such books has already become of sufficient consequence to attract the attention of a few printers, and the result is a most entertaining variety of curious and unusual booklets.

The difficulty is that each shop-keeper is looking for things that the local rivals will not offer, and that the customers have not seen at their regular city bookstores. Consequently, the best of these publications are not likely to find their outlet through any regular trade channels. Equally they will shun the sort of publicity that comes from the distribution of copies to hungry commentators begging for trifles to fill their own shelves in exchange for a flattering printed notice. It is only by chance that the significant ones come under the eye of any writer, but this very fact adds to the interest of such as happen to come to hand. A few such are worth noting, on the possibility that they will prove suggestive to buyers or sellers, or even more perhaps to those who are looking for hints on the making of books of this sort.

One good example of a book for such trade is unluckily in German, but none the less it ought to find many an American purchaser, young or old. It is a typically erudite treatise, evidencing much research, entitled "Der Zinnsoldat, Ein Deutsches Spielzeug," by Theodor Hampe, and is published by Herbert Stubenrauch of Berlin. There are 186 pictures, which show how meager is the assortment of leaden soldiers within the reach of American nurseries. The Teutonic children are, or have been in times past, offered Gods and Goddesses, every variety of camp follower, acrobats, and the denizens of a menagerie, as well as the customary soldiery of every race, color, and era, back to prehistoric times.

Another foreign publication is addressed to readers of English, with a seriousness that is likely to prevent it from reaching the very people who would be most likely to purchase it. This is "The Dutch Library," sponsored by Professors Ayres and Barnouw of Columbia University, and published by Martinus Nijhoff at The Hague. Such titles as "A Beautiful Play of Lancelot of Denmark, How he fell in Love with a Lady who waited upon his Mother," "An Ingenious Play of Esmoret, the King's Son of Sicily," "The Tale of Beatrice," and "A Marvellous History of Mary of Nimmegen who for more than Seven Years lived and had ado with the Devil," ought to tempt some summer wanderers who tire of the weekly and monthly banalities.

The University of Washington Chapbooks are issued by the University Bookshop at Seattle. They started off with "A Short View of Menckenism—in Menckenese," by Joseph B. Harrison, and range from "Four and Twenty Block-Prints for Four and Twenty Nursery Rhymes Illustrated by Students of the University of Washington," to Richard Aldington's "Indiscretion" concerning D. H. Lawrence, Edward Wagenknecht's "Interpretation" of Lillian Gish, and Gamaliel Bradford's "The Haunted Biographer."

More important, because it is of considerable value as a document bearing on the social history of this country, is the reprint of the "Memoirs of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club near Philadelphia." It is a straightforward, unpretentious piece of bookmaking, privately printed, according to the title page, by Ernest R. Gee of New York, although the other end of the volume states, no doubt truthfully, that the 375 copies were printed by Eugene V. Connett at the Derrydale Press.

James E. Masters of the High House Press at Shaftsbury in the County of Dorset has laid a neat trap for cataloguers and bibliographers, by issuing a sweet little edition of "The Vigil of Venus," with a jacket title which gives useful information which does not in the least coincide with that on the proper title to the book. The essential portion, quoted above, is alike in both, but one states that this rendering of the "Pervigilim Veneris" is by Thomas Pennell, while the other says that the work was written in the time of Julius Caesar and has been by some ascribed to Catullus. It is adorned with vignettes from wood engravings by L. Clemmell after Thomas Stothard.

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GENERAL

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THE PHOENIX NEST

LAST week we left unfinished, for lack of space, a discussion of five books which we indorsed as a special prize package for you. Here then is what we have to say concerning the two upon which we had not commented as yet:

The biography of *Kit Carson* that Stanley Vestal has written we can thoroughly recommend to the male of the species. We have harped and harped repeatedly on the work of *Walter Noble Burns*. Well, Stanley Vestal does not edge him out of first place in our estimation. But "Kit Carson" is fine highly pictorial biography. In his book of poems, "Fandango," Vestal had heretofore given us good vivid ballads of "Kit,"—fragments from a life. Here is the life itself with a good deal of the same able recreation of "atmosphere" that informed the ballads. The last few years have seen an enormous amount of biography concerning old-time trappers, gun-fighters, lady bandits, and other phenomena of the old West, from the earliest pioneering days on. Some powerful writers have assiduously been tilling a field that had waited long for harvest. "Kit Carson" takes its place with the best of this biography. . . .

Last comes a book of poems. The three Sitwells are industrious poets. Heretofore we had thought *Edith Sitwell* somewhat superior in this branch of literature to her two brothers. But Osbert Sitwell has already given us some striking prose, more striking in general than his verse. In "England Reclaimed," however, which he subtitles "A Book of Eclogues," he tries "suthin' in the pastoral line," superior in our own opinion to any poetry he has yet written. He gives us the essentially English countryside through a series of rural portraits, full of poetry, full of insight into human life, full of humor as well. He has indeed reclaimed "these precious yards of English soil before oblivion's creeping, greedy sea." Here is distinguished verse recording a most interesting stage of civilization. Sound documenting, but, more than that, significant commentary. . . .

There is a novel coming out in March which we may no more than mention here for fear of being accused of extreme predisposition toward the author. But since it is not our opinion alone that *Elinor Wylie* has now written, in "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" (Knopf), the best novel of her not entirely undistinguished career, we shall say that much. No more. *Verbum sap!* . . .

Those who love thrills can count on "The Story of Ivy," by *Marie Belloc Lowndes*, to appear later in the same month from Doubleday, Doran. It is said to be an intense murder story and, moreover, a remarkable character study of a type peculiar to our times. Mrs. Lowndes excels in murder stories. . . .

The announcement of *Morris Werner's* "Tammany Hall," from the same publisher (March 9), is good news, if you liked, as we did, Werner's "Barnum." He now presents the personalities who have ruled a unique American political organization, from *Aaron Burr* and *Fernando Wood* to *Richard Croker* and *Charles F. Murphy*. A book that should cause much discussion. . . .

"Miami Bars Swami"—*a newspaper head*
With mingled amaze and emotion we read.
It seems that a mystic yclept Yogananda
In Florida failed of his fell propaganda.
Miami's rich mammies paid thirty-five dollars
For lectures resulting in horrified hollers.
"Has Swami gone balmy? Do bid him to cease, Chief!"
Cried wild delegations to Quigg, the Police Chief.
Concurrent with this, and decked out in full fig,
To the Swami at once went Chief H. Leslie Quigg.
"Now, Swami—!" "What, lambie?" "You're balmy!" "Oh, am I!
My eye!" "Swami, swim! You must move from Miami!
Mammies yammer 'Oh my!' clutching brows that are clammy."
"Oh, calm me!" "Now, Swami,—!" "Ah me! Oh Miami!" . . . .
By Miami made mum, from that Paradise palmy
As swain unassuaged then swift swam he, the Swami.

Or perhaps he didn't. Though he was denied an injunction to prevent police interference with his lectures. But what does make us interpolate that sort of thing, just when we should be so *very* serious? . . . .

The New American, published by the Italian Monthly Company, Inc., at 27 Cleveland Place, this city, and edited by *Edward Corsi* and *Alexander Bevilacqua*, is an intelligent monthly of distinction. It appears in English, and some of the contributors to the first two numbers (it began in January) have been *Grazia Deledda*, *Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews*, *Luigi Lucatelli*, and *Benedetto Croce*. The aim of *The New American* is to prove that there is an Italian culture, which is rooted in the soil of America. It is the only publication of its kind on the American market. And, to judge by these two issues, it deserves a long and useful career. . . .

Rimington & Hooper, publishers, at 20 East 75th Street, will issue on March 15th a de luxe edition of "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1733, 1749, 1756, 1757, 1758). We believe this to be the first publication of these celebrated items in one volume, a finely prepared octavo. *Phillips Russell*, author of "*Benjamin Franklin*: First Civilized American," furnishes an extensive biographical and bibliographical foreword. The edition is specially printed and will be strictly limited to 350 numbered copies, of which 300 are for sale.

This collectors' edition will include (say Rimington & Hooper) a preface concerning the origin of the text, the leading depositories of the Almanacks, and will be replete with numerous plates and data referring to them. The importance of the Almanacks in a full text is emphasized by the publishers' arrangement with Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., who will publish a trade edition bearing several of the sections of this text at a later date.

And so we snap into our well-worn overcoat and hasten from the twilit office.

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Your correspondent rarely finds time to read manuscripts in *The Inner Sanctum*. But one morning last summer he began an opus (reading, not writing) that prompted him to disconnect all phone calls.

How many dinner invitations or golden investment and life insurance opportunities we missed by this rash action, history does not record, but we know that these moments of solitude gave us a book of the first magnitude—none other than *The Three-Cornered Hat*, by Don Pedro de Alarcon, translated by Martin Armstrong—to be released Wednesday, February 29th.

Only once in four years does such a book come along.

To 5,428 booksellers *The Inner Sanctum* has issued this friendly challenge:

Sit down with a copy of *The Three-Cornered Hat*. Begin reading. If you permit yourself to be interrupted, we wager it will be

1. *A three-alarm fire* or
2. *A customer actually asking for a copy of* Verdi, a Novel of the Opera.

The plot of *The Three-Cornered Hat* derives from *Boccaccio*. The original version forty years ago was used as the basis for one of the triumphs of the Russian Ballet, and the new translation by Martin Armstrong has evoked British critical acclaim, comparing it with Chaucer, Fielding and Dickens.

Incidentally, *The Inner Sanctum* has never produced a more beautifully designed volume—Norman Tealby's sixty-nine illustrations, in color and black and white, adding to the robust gayety and rippling humor of this romantic masterpiece.

It is perhaps superfluous to remind the clients of this column—last week's flood of telegrams and special delivery letters indicated that there must be at least 547 of them—that *The Story of Philosophy* is now in its third year as a best-seller, and its third hundred thousand. Nevertheless, *The Inner Sanctum* enjoys repeating such glad tidings.

This week the reiteration is in order, for on February 29th *The Inner Sanctum* releases the first two volumes of *The Philosophers Library*—*The Works of Plato*, edited in one volume by Professor Irwin Edman of the Philosophy Department of Columbia University, and *The Works of Schopenhauer*, edited in one volume by Will Durant.

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Readers are invited to suggest to *The Editors of the Philosophers Library, % The Inner Sanctum*, 37 West 57 St., New York, which of the philosophers should be presented in the next two volumes of this series, to follow *Plato* and *Schopenhauer*.

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—Essandess

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